Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 25.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Aug. 4—Mr. RICHING'S BENEFIT. Last night of the engagement of Mr MARBEE. THE LADY OF LYONS—SAM PATCH: Sam Patch, Mr. Marble—and LUKE THE LABORER.

MONDAY, Aug. 6—The celebrated BEDOUIN ARABS, three in number, who have excited such attention in London and Paris, have arrived from England, and will make their first appearance in America This Evening.

TUESDAY, Aug. 7—Second night of the engagement of the Bedouin Arabs, with a variety of entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 8—Third night of the Bedouin Arabs.

THURSDAY, Aug. 9—Mr. MARBLE'S BENEFIT. Fourth night of the engagement of the Bedouin Arabs.

FRIDAY, Aug. 10—Fifth night of the Bedouin Arabs.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

Things Theatrical.

The celebrated *Bedouin Arabs* arrived this week in the packet St. James, from London, and make their *debut* at the Park on Monday. The steamer *Great Western*, which will probably arrive in the course of to-morrow, is expected to bring Madame VESTRIS, MATHEWS, WALLACK, MAYWOOD, and several other professional people of eminence, and we shall be able in next Saturday's paper to lay before our readers the plan of the ensuing theatrical campaign.

MARBLE has been going through his range of Yankee characters at the Park this week with great effect. His Yankee is a noisy, busy, peddling animal, much in HILL's style, but more spirited and effective. Indeed by Hill's trip to London, his personations of "the live Yankee" lost much of their truth and freshness. Hackett's, too, for the same reason, is now neither "the image of any thing in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath," and we are glad of it, for he has genius and talent for better things. His Frenchmen were always superior to his Yankees, and he made his greatest hits abroad and in the South as Falstaff. His Rip Van Winkle and Nimrod Wildfire are worth all the Yankee characters ever written. Marble would soon be without a rival, if he had a few original characters of any pretension, and we advise him to set about securing them.

FINN, having "got in his hay" at Newport, is playing a short engagement at the Olympic. There is an on dit that FLYNN is about to assume the management of this pretty little theatre.

The BARRETS and others are at the Franklin.

Niblo's Garden is the great centre of attraction just now, and many will thank us for the information that if they cannot go early not to go at all, as they will find it impossible to secure a sight of the stage, to say nothing of a seat inside the saloon. The new pantomime on Thursday was a decided hit, and the Masked Ball from Gustavus, the most brilliant affair of the season.

Most of the Park people have returned to town, having been "touring" during the recess. Mr. SIMPSON has been to Niagara, PLACIDE to the Springs, and RICHINGS a-trouting on Long Island. Mrs. WHEATLEY, Mrs. VERNON and other estimable favorites have also resumed their situations. ELLEN TREE is in Canada ere this, and CARADORI ALLAN was at Saratoga last week. Miss CLIFTON is at Bath, studying "Woman's Wit," and AUGUSTA at Rockaway, with Mrs. (Fanny Kemble) BUTLER, BROUGH, Mrs. SHARPE, and others. Madame LECOMPTE, FORREST, Jim Crow RICE, FORNASARI, and a host of other "bright particular stars," are just now to be seen about town "going up all manner of streets."

The *London Court Journal* says that the members of the Olympic company have presented Madame VESTRIS with a valuable gold armlet of beautiful workmanship, bearing a suitable inscription, in testimony of their sincere regard, and of their good wishes for her welfare during her intended absence.

WARM WEATHER PARAGRAPHS.

Instead of a long, sober article to occupy this column, we present our readers to-day with an *olla podrida* of quips and quirks, both original and selected. Long paragraphs from contemporary journals have been cut down into sentences, while our items have been itemized and condensed, so that the reader can get through them, one at a time, without holding his breath. We may as well premise for the information of country readers, that the weather in these parts has lately become most indecently hot, causing thermometers to range between 90 and 100, and allowing neither loafer nor nabob to enjoy more quiet than a short-tailed bull in fly time.

"Did you intend to hit me, Sir!" said a gentleman, dining at the Lake a few days since, as a sweet potatoe came slap on the side of his head, thrown by a person a little below.

"Beg your pardon, sir, I did not. I intended to have hit the person next you, who is a friend of mine."

"Well, you made a d——d good shot, considering," said a half-intoxicated wag close by. "You came within *one* of it, any how." N. O. Picayune.

☞ The Dog Laws are strictly enforced in Philadelphia just now, and with good reason, as there have been several cases of hydrophobia. Last week a highly respectable citizen being bit by a dog in the street, instantly cut out the part with his pen knife. The whole community appears to be under intense excitement and, indeed, an editor of a daily paper advertises for "an able bodied man" to keep the dogs off.

A young lady in Wisconsin having expressed a determination to remain in a state of single blessedness, the young men of the village drummed her out of the place. The editor of the Baltimore Sun says that if she will come that way he will take her himself.

☞ Major Noah says it's all stuff about their sleeping under a blanket at Rockaway, and we are informed that the water about there is so warm, that they are not obliged to boil their lobsters.

MINT JULAPS.—It is computed that $40,000 is annually paid by the hotels in New Orleans for mint used in julaps.

☞ Preparations are making at Nahant for the reception of the Sea Serpent; indeed, the editor of the Passamaquoddy Guide Board has been appointed Toast-master at the dinner.

TOO MUCH LOVE.—A lady having been partial to two husbands at one and the same time, was sentenced for bigamy. The reporter of the trial said, "she loved not wisely but *two* well." Albany Daily Adv.

☞ A London correspondent writes that JOHN VAN BUREN is the favored candidate for the hand of Queen Victoria! We "think we see him" getting it!

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A friend of ours rolling at ninepins the other day, gave the ball a quid of tobacco, and threw himself at the pins. He did not find out the mistake till his brains were knocked out against them.

☞ Somebody desires to know if *Colt's* patent rifles don't *kick*? No; they are "just the kick" for deer shooting.

"Father! father! have you got a ninepence about you? The great Zoological Avery and Circuit is coming here to-day—they've got some new things, father, and a great Boy Constructor, and an African Lion, right from Asia, with forty stripes on his back, and nary one alike—all the monkeys on a keen jump; children under ten years half price; may'nt I go, father?" "Why, sartain." Dedham Patriot.

☞ The *Giraffes*, now exhibiting up Broadway, go South in a few days. We have received an intimation that the prettiest one intends sending us a lock of her hair.

A MISTAKE.—"Vat's de matter—vat's de matter!" exclaimed an old Dutch friend of ours, as he tucked up his apron, and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vat's de matter!"—"There's a man killed," replied a bystander. "Oh, ish dat all!" said our friend, evidently disappointed; "ish dat all!—shoost a man killed! humph! I thought it vas a fight."

☞ Jim Crow has written a letter to the Evening Star, in which he denies having stated that the editor of the Mirror knew about as much as a small yellow dog!

POET AND FARMER.—Willis, it seems, is idolising his farm—he talks of his tall pines—teamster's wages—his ruta-baga patch—his corn-fields, which look better than any around him—his cabbages and onions—and his two hundred forest trees, set out with his own hand. Well done, Willis. Do not forget the "sugar trade and cotton line!" Boston Post.

☞ There are so many people at Saratoga just now, that they are obliged to sleep three in a bed. Think of that, with the thermometer at 92! Several new and amusing versions of the comedy of "Mistakes of a Night" have already been produced.

Here is a couple of conundrums for you, Mr. Editor—the last one is enough to loosen your teeth:—

When is a fish crazy!—When it is insane (in seine).

Why is a high-mettled horse like islands in the Pacific!—Because gallop-he-goes (Gallapagos).

☞ A late number of a Cincinnati paper contains the following agreeable announcement:—"It is expected that the editor of this journal will be extensively cowhided in the course of the day!"

Mr. Whittlesey, of Ohio, just before Congress adjourned, moved to stop the pay of all members who absented themselves from the Halls to attend the races.

☞ One of our correspondents thinks his constituents will stop *his* pay altogether at the next election.

SPECULATION.—A countryman was seen staring at the signs in Albany, when a pert clerk asked him if he wished to buy some gape-seed? "No, I don't want none," was the reply; "I am looking at this little town—I talk of buying it."

☞ Some of the London papers say that Madame VESTRIS and CHARLES MATHEWS were married "for a few nights only, by particular desire!"

"Your heel must be somewhat better, I think," said a gentleman to a buxom lass, who had a hole in the heel of her stocking. "Why so!" she asked. "Because, Miss," replied the gentleman, "I perceive it is getting out." Philadelphia News.

☞ The editor of the Picayune is entitled to a leather medal for an infallible cure for lameness. He says all a lame man has to do is to swallow a pair of crutches.

DEATH OF MR. MAELZEL.—Mr. Maelzel, well known as the proprietor of the popular exhibition of the Burning of Moscow, and Automaton Chess Player, died recently on board the brig Otis, on her passage from Havana to Philadelphia. Boston Herald.

☞ The founder of "the Graham System" thinks he has discovered a substitute for eating and drinking. He has performed some of "the killingest cures" of dyspepsia, in Bosting, ever heard of, with a new gruel that he has been trying with great success—on a dog.

The Editor of the Baltimore Sun has formed a copartnership with the proprietor of the "Industrious Fleas," and hereafter the Sun will be published under their especial patronage. Boston Galaxy.

☞ Mr. LEGGETT, the ex-editor of "The Plaindealer," has been amusing himself lately with pulling the nose of the editor of the Journal of Commerce. How can he afford to pay for such luxuries!

SUDDEN DEATH.—A gentleman was struck dead in this city last week by the glance of a lady's eye through a key hole—owner of the eye not known. Baltimore Sun.

The ladies of Philadelphia are as merciful as they are beautiful, for they wear green specs to prevent any such catastrophe. Philadelphia Ledger.

Here they are too modest to look at a gentleman—hence many lives are saved. Boston Express.

☞ The Kentucky Giant, coming from Boston the other day, "stubbed his toe" against Rhode Island, and was knocked into—the middle of next week.

The captain of a Missouri volunteer company, sent out in pursuit of a band of marauding savages, thus briefly reports their capture and destruction to the commanding officer:—"*I kotched—I killed—I scalped!*" Western Weekly Review.

☞ The editor of the Providence Journal has got a smart touch of the fever and ague. "Guess he's no great shakes."

At the concert which Queen Victoria gave on the 25th at Buckingham Palace, Marshal Soult was invited to one of the seats occupied by her Majesty and the members of the Royal family. Between the first and second part of the concert the Duke of Wellington rose, went up to the Marshal, and taking him affectionately by the hand, begged that he would allow him to do him the honors of London. It was at this concert that all the diplomatic personages met for the first time since their arrival in London. It is affirmed that Marshal Soult, on meeting the celebrated Lord Hill (one of the most distinguished English Generals, whom the Marshal long and hotly pursued in Portugal without being able to overtake him), observed, "Je vous rencontre enfin mon qui ai couru si longtemns apres vous." London Cortes. of the Journal des Debats.

☞ There is a rumor up town that WALLACK is to open the National with *Old Hayes!*

Friend Porter of the Times, you have wronged us. Indeed you have, and being a just man, will certainly do what is *right* when informed of what is *wrong*. Your last week's "Spirit" went off half cocked. Our copy was only printed on one side, but even that much is better than the *whole* of *half* the other papers in the Union. Don't do so any more. Philadelphia Sunday news.

☞ Couldn't help it, my dear boy, but wont do so again, until we get another hundred new subscribers in one week.

The editor of the Cincinnati News says that the man of the Boston Times "has been married a long time, and has more children than you could shake a stick at;" to which the Times' editor retorts by saying, "We should like to see the man that *dare* 'shake a stick' at one of our children."

☞ Since the attack on Hale, of the Journal of Commerce, some of the Wall street editors have armed themselves with pistols. There's no especial danger of their brains being blown out—not as we know of.

Mr. George Hayter, previously to the Coronation, received her Majesty's command to paint a picture of that grand and imposing ceremony upon a most extensive scale, including portraits of all the most illustrious personages engaged in the ceremonial. Mr. Hayter was in the Lord Chamberlain's box, and took numerous sketches during the progress of the ceremony.

☞ It is the expressed opinion of one of the "cheap and nasty" papers in Bosting that *Old Phil*, the boot-black, is the most popular painter in that city; no doubt he "takes the shine off" from *Cole*. Is this genius the fellow who shakes hands with Phil when his boots are dirty, and kicks him when they shine!

The Sheriff of Campbell County, Ky., lately borrowed of the Sheriff of Cincinnati a gallows.

☞ We have an idea of sending the Sheriff *a pair*, that have "done some service," with our tremendous respects.

George Washington Buffalo Dixon has this day, as report says, received a most tremendous quilting at the hands of Thomas S. Hamblin. I have heard no particulars, except that Buff, as editor of the Polyanthos, was severely beaten by Arbaces. N. Y. Correspondent of the Boston Transcript, July 28.

The notorious *Hamblin* intended to open the National Theatre, but wisely concluded that his head was worth more than an evening's performance. Boston Morning Post.

☞ It was Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, of the Park theatre, not Miss NELSON, (or more properly Mrs. HODGES), to whom was presented the celebrated *Bowie* Knife, of the gallant Colonel of that name, killed at the Alamo.

RHYTHMICAL AND AFFECTING.—The following (according to the Boston Post) is a specimen of what can be done when one is deep in love:—

"I sing her praise in poetry—for her at morn and eve,
I cries whole pints of bitter tears and wipes them off with my sleeve."

☞ TOM CAMPBELL, the poet, who denies that the word "poor" can, with propriety, be prefixed to his name, has been writing addresses in favor of the Poles, meetings for their benefit having lately been held in London. "The Age" is particularly savage thereat, pronouncing the whole business a humbug. Thinking that Campbell might be called upon one of these days to write their epitaph, The Age presents him with the following:—

Here lies the bodies and the souls
Of all the Owski Wowski Poles;
I, Tom Campbell, wrote many a ditty
For their cause, both sweet and pretty;
But though in verse I tipp'd my "rogo,"
John Bull, averse, told me 'twas "no go;"
Though for them, too, Paganini
Drew his bow, the devil a guinea;
Seeing this, they wept like chicks;
And here below they've "cut their sticks."

Last Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, were the three warmest days we have had in succession this summer, we should think. Yesterday, several people were burnt to a crisp while walking along the streets—stones were melted in the gutters, and hand-carts set on fire as they stood tipped up against the side-walks. The Committee of Public Safety were under the pump all day. Whether any paper will be issued from this office again during dog days, is a matter of uncertainty. Boston Post of Tuesday last.

☞ One of the Cincinnati editors wants "several first rate accident makers," whereupon Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, suggests the employment of half a dozen steamboat engineers, as the greatest "accident makers" of the day.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—A wag in a tavern West, hearing the discussion on the rise of water in the lakes, was asked among others, "Why the lake (Erie) was higher than usual?" "Because," says he, "there's more water in it."

☞ The above is Maj. Noah's "last." Major, what'll you drink?

A Western editor, retiring from business, thus takes leave of his readers:—"The sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic. Major Nabem says we are wanted and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can.

"D. I. O."

☞ The subscribers of the poor devil alluded to above are in no danger of a *remittent* fever, we take it.

A BORE.—"I want to see some of your *gimblets*," said a green horn one day, as he entered a hardware store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? Here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

☞ A *city* bore is one that subscribes to a newspaper, and then asks the editor to lend him five dollars.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—The steamer *Dolphin* is no more, as we learn from the Louisville Gazette, that she ran foul of a large eel near Paducah and was swallowed entire, the reptile mistaking the boat for the fish of that name. New Orleans Picayune.

☞ KENDALL, who remains in New Orleans this summer, concocting items like the above, states that the excellent thermometer in his office never *allows* the weather to get hotter than about 80. We suspect the wag keeps it standing in a cool mint julep.

"THE PERI."—The music of a new American opera, with this title, is being composed in New York, by Mr. Maeder, husband of Clara Fisher.

☞ If it is a good one, James, we shall certainly present you with a hook and line.

A TOUCH OF ANTIQUITY.—A manager of a French theatre, announcing a play called *The Death of Abel*, advertises that it would be acted "in the costume of the times."

☞ The Winchester Virginian says the Government goes on like clock work. Prentice thinks the editor means that it is going on *tick*.

If there is any disease calculated to throw a person into the dumps, it is the mumps—the trifling but annoying mumps. We had it all day yesterday, and have been told it is very prevalent in the city. N. O. Picayune.

☞ No doubt of it. By looking over any New Orleans daily, you may "see 'em sticking out!"

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—The editor of the Cincinnati News says that one of his anecdotes has been copied into an English paper and credited.

☞ The "schoolmaster is abroad," probably, at the Coronation.

Yesterday was a remarkable day, inasmuch as we had not even a drop of rain. The thermometer was at 94 in the shade—being almost as high as they have it in New York. N. O. Picayune of Friday.

☞ *Postscript.*—The Printers' Devil regrets to state that on calling on the editor for the last paragraph, he discovered no other traces of him than his boots, into which, it was subsequently ascertained, the unfortunate individual had melted. The verdict of the Coroner's inquest was, that he died of a *Fry*-day.

"My *bark* is on the *street*, love—
My *cough* is very bad."

What *can* a certain elderly gentleman mean by walking up and down Jefferson street every night, *coughing* every five minutes in a very peculiar manner. Buffalonian.

☞ Our last Bell's Life in London contains, among other "*Jonathans*" (a regular head in English papers of late), the following specimen:—"A biled pig is a rarity; well, we biled one; but one of our chaps covered him with dissolved India-rubber after he was potted. He biled and biled for six hours, and was served up, but when the knife was popped into the critter, he up and bolted. Now, you see, the India-rubber kept out the water, so he couldn't die; he was a bit of suspended animation, and the first touch of the knife woke him up, and he now carries his water-proof carcase up and down New Orleans, and don't care a curse for the rain."

Complimentary Dinner.—A correspondent informs us that a number of gentlemen sat down last evening to an elegant dinner at Niblo's Southern Hotel in Broadway, on the occasion of presenting to JOHN WHEELER, Esq. the distinguished oculist, and inventor of a celebrated remedy for diseases of the bowels, (known as the Balsam of Moscatello,) a magnificent *silver snuff-box*, in token of the eminent success which has attended the use of his medicine in their families. The box was engraved with an inscription in commemoration of the event, and enclosed in a beautiful and elaborately ornamented case.

A provincial witler offers to match himself and his dog against any two gentlemen in a game of cricket. Besides acting as scout, no doubt he calculates on the dog getting a great number of "runs."

The Yellowplush Correspondence.

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS.

Chap. I.—The Two Bundles of Hay.

Leftenant-General Sir George Griffin, K. C. B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East Ingie army, of which he was a distinguisht ornyment. Sir George's fust appearance in Injar was in the character of a cabbing-boy to a vessel; from which he rose to be clerk to the owners at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a capting in the Company's service; and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a leftenant-general, when he stopped rising altogether—hopping the twigg of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emperors must do.

Sir George did not leave any male hair to perpatuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter avaritching twenty-three, was left behind to deploar his loss, and share his proppaty. On old Sir George's deth, his intresting widdo and orfan, who had both been with him in Injer, returned home—tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris, where very small London people become very great ones, if they've money, as these Griffinses had. The intelligent reader kneed not be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin; for though marritches are made tolrabbly early in Injer, people are not quite so precoashoos as all that: the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin was the offspring of the fust marritch.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a hansum, lively Islington gal, taken out to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comforably disposed of by her uncle, Capting Kicksey, was one-and-twenty when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kept a school at Islington (the other 4 being married variously in the city,) were not a little envius of my lady's luck, and not a little proud of their relatiunship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Kicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her ladyship, and gev me all the partecklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink; *my* acquaintance, thank my stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortnat sister, in the qualaty of companion, or toddy. Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave as lead the life she did! Every body in the house dispised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the Canary birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking pocket, or rittycule; and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spaniell. All night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!); when Miss Griffin sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carridge, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima, I can see her now in my lady's *seckнd-best* old clothes (the ladies'-maids always got the prime leavings). A liloc sattn gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy; a pair of white sattn shoos, of the color of Inger rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartifishl flowers run to sead, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top of it, melumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in its unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornyment to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kep a number of other servants in the kitching; 2 ladies'-maids; 2 footmin, six feet high each, crimson coats, goold knots, and white cassymear pantyloons; a coachmin to match; a page; and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among forriners, and who looks more like a major-general than any other mortial, wearing a cock-hat, a unicorn covered with silver lace, mustashos, eplets, and a shord by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies; not counting a host of the fair six, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pound a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in the Plas Vandome at Paris. And, having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the fust place, and in coarse, they hated each other. My lady was twenty-seven—a widdo of two years—fat, fair, and rosy. A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals genrally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes; to the former, at least She never loved any body but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm, quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbor the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithograffic stones, you *can't rub out any thing* when once it's drawn or wrote on it; nor could you out of her ladyship's stone—heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or a real or phansied injury. She boar and exlent, irreprotchable character, against which the tongue of scandle never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife posbill—and so she was; but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rude word; but she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of *a hell* of a house, and tort'ring the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted: my lady, to do her justas, was straight, and looked the same way with her i's. She was dark, and my lady was fair—sentimental, as her ladyship was cold. My lady was never in a passion—Miss Matilda always; and awfle were the scenes which used to pass between these 2 women, and the wickid, wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mistry. Not related, and hating each other like pison, it would surely have been easier to remain seprat, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrabble—300 thowsnd lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her ladyship was sole mistriss of it, others that it was divided, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subjix which are not, praps, very interesting to the British public; but were mighty important to my master, the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister-at-law, etsettler, etsettler.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimat in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobo in French), in the Rew delly Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pound for a balants at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong; our share of a box at the oppras; our apartments, spacious and elygant; our swarries at court; our dinners at his exlensy Lord Bobtail's, and elsewhere. Thanks to poar Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete a gentleman as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seaing himself at the head of a smart sum of money, and in a country where his debts could not bother him, determined to give up for the present every think like gambling—at least, high play; as for losing or winning a ralow of Napoleums at whist or ecarty, it did not matter: it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respectabillaty. "But as for play, he wouldn't—O no! not for worlds!—do such a thing!" "He *had* played, like other young men of fashn, and won and lost [old fox, he didn't say he had *paid*]; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkum." The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man: and a very good game it is, too, but it requires a precious great roag to play it.

He made his appearans reglar at church—me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you'd have thought, as I graivly laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before survice began, that such a pious, proper, morl, young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they spoke of him, and vowd they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and, oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortnatly, most of them were poar; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.

Well, about this time my Lady Griffin and Miss G. maid their appearants at Parris, and master, who was up to snough, very soon changed his noat. He sate near them at chapple, and sung hims with my lady; he danced with 'em at the embassy balls; he road with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandeleasies (which is the French High Park); he roat potry in Miss Griffin's halbim, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin; he brought sweetmeats for the puddle-dog; he gave money to the footmin, kissis and gloves to the sniggering ladies'-maids; he was sivvle even to poar Miss Kicksey: there wasn't a single soal at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befoar, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowsy between them; miss jellows of her mother-in-law's bewty; madame of miss's espree; miss taunting my lady about the school at Islington, and my lady sneering at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my lady, that is to say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuceace, who amused her, and made her laff. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good loox; and being a *perwinew* herself, had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contry, was all flams and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a Frentch master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnatral nor unusyouall, as I *could shew if I liked*); and so had been going on sins fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see. Often was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-colored *billydoos*, folded up like cock-hats, and smellin like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill, and no mistake, he was a gentlemin, and a man of good breading; and miss *came a little too strong* (pardon the wulgarity of the xpression) with her hardor and attachmint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crookid spine, and a squint; so that (supposing their fortns tolrabbly equal) Deuceace reely preferred the mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his bisniss to find out which had the most money. With an English famly, this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons'es would settle the matter at once. But this India naybob's will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place; and there was no getting sight of a coppy of it. I will do Mr. Algernon Deuceace the justas to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly, even if she had ten thousand pound less than Miss Matilda. In the mean time, his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genus; besides, Miss was hooked for certain.

Chap. II.—"Honor thy Father."

I said that my master was adoared by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishmint. I should have said by every person xcep one,—a young French genlmn, that is, who, before our appearants, had been mighty particklar with my lady, ockupying by her side exackly the same position which the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poar Shevalliar de L'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stept into 'em. Munseer de L'Orge was a smart young French jentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possest of ½ my master's impidince. Not that that quallaty is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my exlent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides, De L'Orge was reglarly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poar Frentchman never could git. He was all smiles and gaty, while Delorge was ockward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin before the shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, starit at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* isn't the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my carear among the fair six, I was always sighing and moping, like this poar Frenchman. What was the consquints? The foar fust women I adoared lafft at me, and left me for somethink more lively. With the rest I have edopted a diffrent game, and with tolrabble suxess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevallier de L'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire. Poar Ferdinand did not leave the house—he hadn't the heart to do that—nor had my lady the desire to dismiss him. He was usefle in a thousand diffrent ways,—gitting oppra boxes, and invitations to French swarries, bying gloves and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English famly, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never mind how old your ladyship is, he will make love to you; never mind what errints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and well-drest, and never drinx moar than a pint of wind at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a convenionts of a man was Munseer de L'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my lady posbill; if it was but to laff at his bad pronunciation of English, it was somethink amusink; the fun was to pit him against poar Miss Kicksey, she speak in French, and he our naytif British tong.

My master, to do him justace, was perfickly sivvle to this poar young Frenchman; and, having kicked him out of the place which he occupied, sertingly treated his fallen anymy with every rispect and consideration. Poar modist downhearted little Ferdinand adoared my lady as a goddice; and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never ventring once to be jellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choase to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood; master had two strinx to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfn, as he preferred: *com bong lwe somblay*, as the Frentch say. His only pint was to discover how the money was disposed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or boath. At any rate, he was sure of one; as sure as any mortial man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttn excep unsertnty.

* * * * * *

A very unixpected insdint here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies to the oppra, after suppink of white soop, sammy-de-yerdrow, and shampang glassy (which means eyced), at their house in the Plas Vendom, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as posbill.

"Chawls, you d——d scoundrel," says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), "when I'm married I'll dubbil your wagis."

This he might do, to be sure, without injuring himself, seeing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then! Law bless us! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvvants only lived on our *wagis:* our puckwisits is the thing, and no mistake.

I ixprest my gratatude as best I could; swoar that it wasnt for wagis I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink; and that never, never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own acord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the Hotel Mirabeu, which, as every body knows, aint very distant from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our apartmince, me carrying the light and the cloax, master hummink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the door of our salong. There was lights already in the room; an empty shampang bottle roaling on the floar, another on the table, near which the sofy was drawn, and on it lay a stout old genlmn, smoaking seagars as if he'd bean in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already shewn) bust into a furious rage against the genlmn, whom he could hardly see for the smoak; and, with a number of oaves quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what bisniss he'd there.

The smoakin chap rose, and, laying down his seagar, began a ror of laffin, and said, "What, Algy! my boy! don't you know me?"

The reader may, praps, recklect a very affecting letter which was published in the last Number of these memoars; in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which boar the respected signatur of the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Deuceace's own father. It was that distinguished arastycrat who now was smokin and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs was, as I preshumed, about 60 years old. A stowt, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually swallowing; whose hand, praps, trembled a little; and whose thy and leeg was not quite so full or as steddy as they had been in former days. But he was a respecktabble, fine-looking old nobleman; and though, it must be confest, ½ drunk when we fust made our appearance in the salong, yet by no means moor so than a reel noblemin ought to be.

"What, Algy! my boy!" shouts out his lordship, advancing and seasing master by the hand, "doan't you know your own father?"

Master seemed anythink but overhappy. "My lord," says he, looking very pail, and speakin rayther slow, "I didn't—I confess—the unexpected pleasure—of seeing you in Paris. The fact is, sir," said he, recovering himself a little, "the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit."

"A bad habit, Algernon, a bad habit," said my lord, lighting another segar: "a disgusting and filthy practice, which you, my dear child, will do very well to avoid. It is at best, dear Algernon, but a nasty, idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society; sacrificing at once, the vigor of the intellect and the graces of the person. By the by, what infernal bad tobacco they have, too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few segars at the Cafe de Paris? Give him a five-franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow."

Here his lordship hiccupt, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errint.

Knowing the Cafe de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly establisht myself in the anteroom, where, as it happend by a singler coinstdints, I could hear every word of the conversation between this exlent pair of relatfs.

"Help yourself, and get another bottle," says my lord, after a sollum paws. My poar master, the king of all other compnies in which he moved, seamed here but to play seckнd fiddill, and went to the cubbard, from which his father had already igstracted two bottils of his prime Sillary.

He put it down before his father, coft, spit, opened the windows, stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and suttnly seamed as uneezy as a genlmn could be. But it was of no use; the old one would not budg. "Help yourself," says he again, "and pass me the bottil."

"You are very good, father," says master; "but, really, I neither drink nor smoke."

"Right, my boy; quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomack* is everythink. No bad nights, no headachs—eh? Quite cool and collected for your law-studies in the morning—eh?" And the old nobleman here grinned, in a manner which would have done credit to Mr. Grimoldi.

Master sate pale and wincing, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't answer a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at evry full stop.

"How you must improve, with such talents and such principles! Why, Algernon, all London talks of your industry and perseverance! You're not merely a philosopher, man; hang it! you've got the philosopher's stone. Fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a year!"

"I presume, sir," says my master, "that you mean the two hundred a year which *you* pay me?"

"The very sum, my boy, the very sum!" cries my lord, laffin as if he would die. "Why, that's the wonder! I never pay the two hundred a year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your secret, O you young Trismegistus! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a year!"

"*Enfin*, my lord," says Mr. Deuceace, starting up, and losing all patience, "will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means? You leave me to starve, for all your care; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity, and——"

"Precisely, my boy, precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity; and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements asks me why I seek his society? Oh, Algernon! Algernon! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher. *Why* do I seek you? Why, because you *are* in prosperity. O my son! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get from you a single affectionate feeling? Did we, or any other of your friends or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us? Algernon Deuceace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip; and so I came, uninvited, to *force* you to repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon; and so, help yourself and pass the bottle."

After this speach, the old genlmn sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimley of a steam-injian. I was pleased, I confess, with the sean, and I liked to see this venrabble and virtuous old man a nocking his son about the hed, just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard Blewitt, as I've before shewn. Master's face was fust red-hot, next chawk-white, and then sky-blew. He looked for all the world like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragady of *Frankinstang*. At last he mannidged to speek.

"My lord," says he, "I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship has, I perceive, added drunkenness to the list of your accomplishments; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, have come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me; and that if I have got money, I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening as you are now."

"Well, well, my boy," said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half-asleep during his son's oratium, and received all his smears and surcasms with the most complete good-humor; "well, well, if you will resist—*tant pis pour toi*—I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry; but I must and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once; it will cost you more if you don't."

"Sir," says Mr. Deuceace, "I will be equally candid. I would not give you a farthing to save you from——"

Here I thought proper to open the doar, and, touching my hat, said, "I have been to the Cafe de Paris, my lord, but the house is shut."

"*Bon:* there's a good lad; you may keep the five francs. And now, get me a candle and shew me down stairs."

But my master seized the wax taper. "Pardon me, my lord," says he. "What! a servant do it when your son is in the room? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father," said he, laughing, "you think there is no politeness left among us." And he led the way out.

"Good night, my dear boy," said Lord Crabs.

"God bless you, sir," says his son. "Are you wrapped warm? Mind the step!"

And so this affeckshnate pair parted.

Chap. III.—Minewvring.

Master rose the nex morning with a dismal countenants—he seamed to think that his pa's visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his brexfast, and fumbling among his hundred pound notes; once he had laid a parsle of them a-side (I knew what he meant), to send 'em to his father. "But, no," says he, at last, clutching them all up together again, and throwing them into his escritaw; "what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who's full as sharp. Let's see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons." With that Mr. Deuceace drest hisself in his best clothes, and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his cort to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was about ten o'clock, and he proposed to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of planns for the day's rackryation. Riding in the Body Balong, going to the Twillaries to see King Luy Disweet (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crownd), go to Chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o'clock at the Caffy de Parry; whents they were all to adjourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot St. Martin, called *Susannar and the Elders*.

The gals agread to every think, exsep the two last prepositiums. "We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon," said my lady. "Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail." And she handed over a pafewmd noat from that exolted lady. It ran thus:—

"*Fbg. St. Honoré, Feb.* 15, 1817.

"My dear Lady Griffin,—It is an age since we met. Harassing public duties occupy so much myself and Lord Bobtail, that we have scarce time to see our private friends: among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very unceremonious an invitation, and dine with us at the embassy to-day? We shall be *en petit comité*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter's singing in the evening. I ought, perhaps, to have addressed a separate note to dear Miss Griffin: but I hope she will pardon a poor *diplomate*, who has so many letters to write, you know.

"Farewell till seven, when I *positively must* see you both. Ever, dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate

Eliza Bobtail."

Such a letter from the ambassdriss, brot by the ambassdor's Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect any body in the middling ranx of life. It droav Lady Griffin mad with delight; and, long before my master's arrivle, she'd sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmin, along with a polite reply in the affummatif.

Master read the noat with no such feelinx of joy. He felt that there was some think a-going on behind the seans, and though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M'Inations pretty early!

Deucease handed back the letter: sneared, and poohd, and hinted that such an invitation was an insult at best (what he called a *pees ally*); and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and Miss would not have his insinwations; they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitatium from any one of them. Go they would; and poor Deucease must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amusemince, master came back with them, chatted, and laft; mighty sarkastix with my lady; tender and sentrymentle with miss; and left them both in high sperrits to perform their twollet before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as familyer as a servant of the house), as I came into the drawing-room to announts his cab, I saw master very quietly taking his pocket-book (or *pot-fool*, as the French call it,) and thrust it under one of the cushinx of the sofa. What game is this? thinx I.

Why, this was the game. In abowt two hours, when he knew the ladies were gon, he pretends to be vastly anxious abowt the loss of his potfolio; and back he goes to Lady Griffinses, to seek for it there.

"Pray," says he, on going, "ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment." And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.

"Law, Mr. Deucease!" says she, trying to blush as hard as ever she could, "you qnite surprise me! I don't know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman."

"Nay, don't say so, dear Miss Kicksey! for, do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here; and then, to ask if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea?"

Nice tea! I thot I should have split; for, I'm blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner!

Never mind: down to tea they sate. "Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir!" says poar Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a tuttle-duff.

"Both, dearest Miss Kicksey!" answers master; and stowed in a power of sashong and muffinx, which would have done honor to a washawoman.

I shan't describe the conversation that took place betwigst master and this young lady. The reader, praps, knows y Deucease took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the family money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffinses he should marry.

The poar thing, of cors, was no match for such a man as my master. In a

quarter of an hour he had, if I may use the igspression, "turned her inside out." He knew everything that she knew, and that, poor creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a-year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equilly divided betwigst them.

Nine thousand a-year! Deucease went away, his cheex tingling, his art beating. He, without a penny, could nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per hannum!

Yes. But how! Which had the money, the mother or the daughter! All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of nollidge; and Deucease thought it a pity that he could not marry both. * * * * * * * *

The ladies came back at night, mightaly pleased wirh their reseption at the ambasdor's; and stepping out of their carridge, bid coachmin drive on with a gentleman who had handed them out,—a stout old gentleman, who shook hands most tenderly at parting, and promised to call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite, that he wanted to mount the stairs with her ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. "Edward," says she to coachmin, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, "you will take the carriage, and drive his *lordship* home." Now, can you gess who his lordship was! The Right Hon. Earl of Crabs, to be sure; the very old gnlmn whom I had seen on such charming terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the nex day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstansies of the dinner at the ambasdor's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genlmn who waited behind Lord Crabseses chair.

There was only a "*petty comity*" at dinner, as Lady Bobtail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwigst the two Griffinses, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. "Allow me," says he to Lady G. (between the soop and the fish) "my dear madam, to thank you—fervently thank you, for your goodness to my poor boy. Your ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart, for kindness shewn to his child. Believe me," says my lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, "that the favours you have done to another have been done equally to myself, and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon."

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish-plate; and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharuins. My Lord (whose powers of slack-jaw was notoarious) nex addrasst another spitch to Miss Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated*. Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbat and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry; but, law bless you! he was no moar equill to the old man than a molehill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose, and his big stomick, and his wicked leering i's, in his gentle, insiniwating woice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtifle, morl, religious, and honrabble toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pipple, mightily esaly captivated; but recklect, my dear sir, that they were fresh from Injar,—that they'd not sean many lords—that they adoared the peeridge, as every honest woman does in England who has proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles,—and that here at Paris was their very fust step into fashnabble sosiaty.

Well, after dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing "*Die tantie*," or "*Dip your chair*," or some of them sellabrated Italyin hairs (when she began, this gall, hang me if she'd ever stop), my lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradgaly begins to talk to her in a very different strane.

"What a blessing it is for us all," says he, "that Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your ladyship."

"Indeed, my lord; and why? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deucease has?"

"No, surely; not the only one he *has had*—his birth, and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself, have procured him many. But—" (here my lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh.)

"But what?" says my lady, laffing at the igspression of his dismal face. "You don't mean that Mr. Deucease has lost them, or is unworthy of them?"

"I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not; but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed; and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates."

"Embarrassed! Good heavens! He says he has two thousand a-year left him by a godmother; and he does not seem even to spend his income—a very handsome independence, too, for a bachelor."

My lord nodded his head sadly, and said—

"Will your ladyship give me your word of honor to be secret! My son has but a thousand a-year, which I allow him, and is heavily in debt. He has played, madam, I fear; and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice-box, and the low company which has been his bane."

My Lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money? Could she doubt her informer? his own father, and, what's more, a real flesh and blood pear of parlyment? She determined she would try him. Praps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she kem to feel how much she would *hate* him, if she found he'd been playiug her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as we've seen,—my lord driving home in my lady's carridge, her ladyship and Miss walking up stairs to their own apartmince.

Here, for a wonder, was poor Miss Kicksy, quite happy and smiling, and evidently full of a secret,—something mighty pleasant, to judge from her loox. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup reglar before bedtime). "Well, my lady," says she, "who do you think has been to drink tea with me?" Poar thing, a friendly face was an event in her life—a tea-party quite a hera!

"Why, perhaps, Lenoir, my maid," says my lady, looking grave. "I wish, Miss Kicksy, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin."

"No, my lady, it was not Lenoir; it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too.

"Oh, it was Monsieur de l'Orge, then," says miss; "He promised to bring me some guitar strings."

"No, nor yet M. de l'Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the honorable Mr. Algernon Deuceace;" and, so saying, poar Kicksy clapped her hands together, and looked as joyfle as if she'd come into a fortin.

"Mr. Deuceace here; and why, pray?" says my lady, who recklected all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

"Why, in the first place, he had left his pocket-book, and in the second he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea, which he took, and staid with me an hour, or moar."

"And pray, Miss Kicksy," said Miss Matilda, quite contempshusly, "what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?" Miss M. being what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in sosiaty are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

"No, indeed; he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about muffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best; and then we talked (here Miss Kicksy's voice fell) about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and ——"

"And what a good fortune he left,—eh, Miss Kicksy?" says my lady, with a hard, snearing voice, and a diabollicle grin.

"Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!"

"And pray, Miss Kicksy, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a-year, and ——"

"What then?"

"Why nothing; that is all I know. I am sure I wish I had ninety," says poor Kicksy, her eyes turning to heaven.

"Ninety fiddlesticks! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us?"

"Yes; but I could not tell him."

"I knew it!" says my lady, slapping down her teacup,—"I knew it!"

"Well!" says Miss Matilda, "and why not, Lady Griffin? There is no reason you should break your teacup, because Algernon asks a harmless question. *He* is not mercenary; he is all candor, innocence, generosity! He is himself blessed with a sufficient portion of the world's goods to be content; and often and often has he told me, he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might shew the purity of his affection."

"I've no doubt," says my lady. "Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin!" and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to bust into tears, as was her reglar custom, and pour her loves and woas into the bizzom of Miss Kicksy.

CHAP. IV.—"HITTING THE NALE ON THE HEDD."

The nex morning, down came my and master to Lady Griffinses,—I amusing myself with the gals in the antyroom, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thrumming on her gitter; my lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts, bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us! it's a kind of bisness I should like well enuff, especially when my hannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my lady's. My lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentrimentle to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in; she pinted gracefully to a place on the sofy beside her, which Deuceace took. My lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers agen, as busy as a B.

"Lady Griffin has had letters from London," says Miss, "from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man, you!"

And down sat master. "Willingly," says he, "my dear Miss Griffin; why, I declare it is quite a *tete-a-tete!*"

"Well," says miss (after the prillimnary flumries, in coarse,) "we met a friend of yours at the ambassy, Mr. Deuceace."

"My father, doubtless; he is a great friend of the ambassador, and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last."

"What a dear, delightful old man! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace!"

"Oh, amazingly!" says master, throwing his i's to heaven."

"He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you!"

Master breathed more freely.

"He is very good, my dear father; but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me."

"He spoke of your being his favorite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. 'I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother,' he said; 'but, never mind, he has talents, a noble name, and an independence of his own.'"

"An independence? yes, oh yes! I am quite independent of my father."

"Two thousand pounds a-year left you by your godmother; the very same you told us, you know."

"Neither more nor less," says master, bobbing his head; "a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin,—to a man of my moderate habits an ample provision."

"By the by," cries out Lady Griffin, interrupting the conversation, "you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me*. Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long, long sum."

Didn't he go—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipt across the room, and seated himself by my lady!

"Look!" said she, "my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7,200 rupees, at 2s. 9d. a rupee. Do tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings;" which master did with great gravity.

"Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good; I dare say you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch; and, according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose of the money, except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it?"

"La, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business yourself."

"Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me;" and she laid her hand on his, and looked him most patheticlly in the face

"Why," says he, "I don't know how Sir George left his money; you must let me see his will, first."

"Oh, willingly."

Master's cheir seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushns; he was obliged to *hold himself down*.

"Look here, I have only a copy, taken by my hand from Sir George's own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action." And she read, "'I, George Griffin,' &c. &c.—you know how these things begin—'being now of sane mind,—um, um, um—'leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company's Service, and to John Monro Mackirkincroft, (of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft and Dobbs, at Calcutta,) the whole of my property, to be realised as speedily as they may (consistently with the interests of the property), in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin (born L. E. Kicksy), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike; the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns.'"

"There," said my lady, "we won't read any more; all the rest is stuff. But, now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money?"

"Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you."

"*Tant mieux*, say I, I really thought it had been all Matilda's." * *

There was a paws for a minit or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said, in a low, trembling voice,

"I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me; for an attachment such as I feel must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda! I know I may say the word; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you, or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you. My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl, from your own sweet lips, in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda! say, oh say, that you love me!"

Miss M. shivered, turned pail, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master's neck wispering hoddibly, "*I do!*"

My lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her i's glaring, her busm throbbing, and her face chock white, for all the world like Madam Pasty, in the opra of *Mydear* (when she's goin to mudder her childring, you recklect), and out she flounced from the room without a word, knocking down poar me, who happened to be very near the dor, and leaving my master along with his crook-back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pertty well. The fact is, I got it in a ruff copy, which, if any boddy likes, they may see at Mr. Frazierses, only on the copy it's wrote, "*Lady Griffin, Leonora!*" instead of "*Miss Griffin, Matilda*," as in the abuff, and so on.

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought; but his adventors an't over yet. C. Y.

ANECDOTES OF GRIMALDI.

FROM HIS MEMOIRS, BY "BOZ."

On the 14th, (March, 1808,) he received permission from Mr. Kemble to play for his sister-in-law's benefit at the Birmingham theatre, which was then under the management of Mr. Macready, the father of the great tragedian. Immediately upon his arrival, Grimaldi repaired to his hotel, and was welcomed by Mr. Macready, with much cordiality and politeness, proposing that he should remain in Birmingham two or, if possible, three nights after the benefit at which he was announced to perform, and offering terms of the most liberal description. Anticipating a proposal of this nature, Grimaldi had, before he left town, inquired what the performances were likely to be at Covent Garden for some days to come. Finding that, if the existing arrangements were adhered to, he could not be wanted for at least a week, he had resolved to accept any good offer that might be made to him at Birmingham, and therefore closed with Mr. Macready without hesitation. After breakfast they walked together to the theatre to rehearse; and here Grimaldi discovered a great lack of those adjuncts of stage effect technically known as "properties:" there were no tricks; nor, indeed, was there any thing requisite for pantomimic business. After vainly endeavoring to devise some means by which the requisite articles could be dispensed with, he mentioned his embarrassment to the manager.

"What! properties?" exclaimed that gentleman; "wonderful! you London stars require a hundred things, where we country people are content with one: however, whatever you want you shall have.—Here, Will, go down to the market and buy a small pig, a goose and two ducks. Mr. Grimaldi wants some properties, and must have them." The man grinned, took the money, and went away. After some reflection, Grimaldi decided in his own mind that the manager's directions had been couched in some peculiar phrases common to the theatre, and at once went about arranging six pantomime scenes, with which the evening's entertainments were to conclude. While he was thus engaged, a violent uproar and loud shouts of laughter hailed the return of the messenger, who, having fulfilled his commission to the very letter, presented him with a small pig, a goose, and two ducks, all alive, and furthermore with Mr. Macready's compliments, and he deeply regretted to say that those were all the properties in the house.

He accepted them with many thanks, and arranged a little business accordingly. He caused the old man in the pantomime and his daughter to enter, immediately after the rising of the curtain, as though they had just come back from market, while he himself, as Clown and their servant, followed, carrying their purchases. He dressed himself, in an old livery coat with immense pockets, and a huge cocked hat: both were, of course, over his clown's costume. At his back he carried a basket laden with carrots and turnips; stuffed a duck into each pocket, leaving their heads hanging out; carried the pig under one arm, and the goose under the other. Thus fitted and attired, he presented himself to the audience, and was received with roars of laughter. His songs were all encored—Tippitywitchit three times, and the hit was most decided. The house was full to the ceiling, and it was equally full on the following night, when he played Scaramouch; the third night was as good as any of the preceding, and the fourth, which terminated his engagement, was as successful as the rest. Just as he was going on the stage on this last evening, and had even taken up his "properties" for that purpose, a note was put into his hands, which was dated that morning, and had just arrived from London, whence it had been despatched with all possible speed. He opened it hastily, and read, in the hand of an intimate friend,

"*Dear Joe*,—They have announced you to play for to-morrow night at Covent Garden, and as they know you have not returned from Birmingham, I fear it is done to injure you. Lose not a moment, but start immediately on the receipt of this."

He instantly ran to Mr. Macready, and showing him the letter, told him, that although he was sorry to disappoint his Birmingham friends, he could not stop to play.

"Not stop to play!" echoed the manager; "why, my good fellow, they will pull the house down. You must stop to play, and post up to London afterwards. I'll take care that a chaise and four are waiting for you at the stage-door, and that every thing shall be ready for you to start, the moment you have finished your business."

He played with the same success to a brilliant house, received £294 from the manager as his remuneration for three nights, threw himself into the chaise, and at twelve o'clock, within a few minutes after he had quitted the stage, was on his road to London.

The weather was tempestuous, the roads in a most desperate condition, and, to make matters worse, he treated the postboys so liberally, in the hope of accelerating their speed, that they became so drunk as to be scarcely able to sit their horses. After various escapes and perils, they discovered, at the end of an unusually long stage, that they had come fourteen miles out of the road, "all in consequence," as one of the boys said, with many hiccups and much drunken gravity—"all in consequence of only taking one wrong turn."

The result of this combination of mischances was, that he did not reach Salt Hill until seven o'clock on the following evening, having been nineteen hours on the road. Here he jumped into another chaise, which fortunately stood ready at the door, and hurried up to London without venturing to stay for any refreshments whatever. He drove straight to the theatre, where he found his friend awaiting his arrival with great trepidation. Hearing that the overture to the piece in which he was to perform was then playing, he gave his friend the £294 to take care of, ran to his dressing-room, dressed for the part, which Farley had already made preparations for performing himself, and went on the stage the moment he got his cue, much to the astonishment of his friends, and greatly to the surprise of some individuals connected with the management of the theatre, who had anticipated a very different result from his visit to Birmingham.

It was at this period that the great O. P. Row began, of which so much has been said, and sung, and written, that little of novelty or interest could accompany the description of it here. Every body knows that the O. P. Row originated in the indignation with which the play-going public regarded an increase in the prices of admission of one shilling each person to the boxes, and sixpence to the pit, with which was coupled a considerable increase in the number of private boxes, and every body knows, moreover, that the before-mentioned play-going public expressed their dissatisfaction night after night in scenes of the most extraordinary and unparalleled nature. The noises made by the audience utterly overwhelmed every attempt that the actors could make to render themselves audible. Not a word that was said on the stage could be distinguished even in the front row of the pit, and the O. P. (Old Price) rioters, fearful that the exercise of their voices would not create a sufficient uproar, were in the habit of bringing the most extraordinary variety of curious and ill-toned instruments with them, to add to the noise and discordance of the scene. One gentleman, who constantly seated himself in the boxes, regaled himself and the company with a watchman's rattle, which he sprang vigorously at short intervals throughout the performance; another took his seat regularly every night in the centre of the pit, armed with a large dustman's bell, which he rang with a perseverance and strength of arm quite astounding to all beholders; and a party of three or four pleasant fellows brought live pigs, which were pinched at the proper times, and added considerably to the effect of the performances.

But rattles, bells, pigs, trumpets, French horns, sticks, umbrellas, catcalls, and bugles were not the only vocal weapons used upon these occasions: Kemble was constantly called for, constantly came on, and constantly went off again without being able to obtain a hearing. Numbers of Bow Street officers were in regular attendance; whenever they endeavored to sieze the ringleaders, the ringleaders were defended by their partisans, and numerous fights (in which a man was nearly killed) resulted. Scarce an evening passed without flaming speeches being made from pit, boxes, and gallery; and sometimes half a dozen speeches would be in course of delivery at the same time. The greater portion of the time of the magistrates was occupied in investigations connected with the disturbances, and this state of things continued for nearly seventy nights. Placards were exhibited in every part of the house, principally from the pit; of the quality of which effusions the following may be taken as specimens:—

"*Notice to the Public*—This house and furniture to be sold—Messrs. John Kemble and Co. declining business."

"*Notice to the Public.*—The workhouse in Covent Garden has been repaired, and greatly enlarged for the use of the public."

"*Cause of Justice.*—John Bull *versus* John Kemble—verdict for the plaintiff."

A large coffin, with the inscription, "Here lies the body of New Prices, who died of the *whooping*-cough, Sept. 23, 1809, aged six days."

The instant the performances began, the audience, who had been previously sitting with their faces to the stage as audiences generally do, wheeled round to a man, and turned their backs upon it. When they concluded, which, in consequence of the fearful uproar, was frequently as early as half-past nine o'clock, they united in singing a parody on God save the King, of which the first verse ran thus:—

"God save great Johnny Bull,
Long live our noble Bull,
God save John Bull,
Send him victorious,
With lungs like Boreas:
God save John Bull!"

Then followed the O. P. dance and a variety of speeches, and then the rioters would quietly disperse.

The opinions of the press being as a matter of course, divided on every question, were necessarily divided upon this. The Times and Post supported the new system; in consequence of which a placard was exhibited from the pit every evening for at least a week, with the inscription,

"The Times and Post are bought and sold,
By Kemble's pride and Kemble's gold."

The Chronicle, on the other hand, took up the opposite side of the question, and supported the O. P. rioters with great fervor and constancy. In its columns one of the most popular of the numerous squibs on the subject appeared, which is here inserted. It may be necessary to premise that "Jack" was Kemble; that the "Cat" was Madame Catalini, then engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and who was much opposed at that time in consequence of her being a foreigner; and that the "boxes" were the new private boxes, among the great objects of popular execration.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

"This is the House that Jack built.

"These are the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"These are the pigeon holes over the boxes, let to the great that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is John Bull, with a bugle-horn, that hissed the Cat, engaged to squall, to the poor in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,
That took up John Bull, with his bugle horn,
who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the manager, full of scorn,
Who RAISED THE PRICES to the people forlorn,
And directed the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,
To take up John Bull with his bugle-horn,
who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built."

When this had gone on for several nights Kemble sent for Grimaldi, and said, that as the people would not hear dialogue, they would try pantomime, which might perhaps suit their tastes better, and accordingly Don Juan was put up for the next night, Grimaldi sustaining his old part of Scaramouch. He was received on his entrance with great applause, and it happened oddly enough that on that night there was little or no disturbance. This circumstance, which he naturally attributed in some degree to himself, pleased him amazingly, as indeed it did Kemble also, who, shaking him cordially by the hand when he came off, said, "Bravo, Joe! we have got them now; we'll act this again to-morrow night." And so they did; but it appeared that they had not "got them" either, for the uproar recommenced with, if possible, greater fury than before, all the performers agreeing that until that moment they had never heard such a mighty and indescribable din.

Eventually, on the 15th of December, the famous O. P. row terminated, on the proprietors of the theatre lowering the charge of admission to the pit, removing the obnoxious private boxes, rescinding Madame Catalini's engagement, discharging Mr. James Brandon, house and box book-keeper, who had rendered himself greatly offensive to the O. P. people, abandoning all prosecutions against those who had been required to answer for their misconduct at the sessions, and offering a public apology. The ungracious task of making it, fell upon Mr. Kemble, who delivered what it was deemed necessary to say, with remarkable self-possession and dignity. It was received by the audience with great applause, and a placard was immediately hoisted in the pit, bearing the words, "We are satisfied;" it was speedily followed by a similar announcement in the boxes; and thus terminated the famous O. P. war, wholly unparalleled in dramatic or indeed in any other annals.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

New York Races.—We are desired to state that our next number will contain a programme of the races to come off over the Union and Beacon Courses at the ensuing Fall Meetings. Proposals for a Sweepstakes for *Pigeon Shooters* on the Beacon Course will also be given in the same paper.

Valuable Stock for Sale.—It will be seen by an advertisement on the last page that JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, offers for sale his entire breeding and racing stud, comprising some of the most valuable horses in the country. In our next will be given some details of their pedigrees and performances. Our regret at the retirement from the Turf of a gentleman of Mr. STEVENS' character, enterprise, and spirit, is very much lessened by the fact that it is his intention, should the yacht now building under his direction answer his expectations, to take her out to England, and test the merits of American Naval Architecture.

Match for $1000 *a-side.* —A match has just been concluded in Kentucky between the owners of *Bertrand* and *Medoc*, to come off over the Lexington Course on the 2d of Oct. The distance is Two mile heats; the age of the competitors not named, but presumed to be 3 yrs. old. Col. WM. BUFORD names the get of Medoc, and Messrs. JOHN HUTCHCRAFT and JAMES LYNDSAY the get of Bertrand.

On the same day, a Match for $200 a-side, Two mile heats, is to come off between JAMES G. MCKINNEY's ch. c. *Hawkeye*, by Sir Lovel, out of Pressure's dam, and E. M. BLACKBURN's filly *Betsey Baker*, by Lance, out of Letitia. James L. Bradley made the match on the part of Hawkeye.

Canada Races.—The autumn meetings are likely to bring out a great array of horses, and to be better patronised than ever. The EARL OF DURHAM and his family have always occupied a distinguished place in English Sporting annals, and her Majesty has been pleased to present two rich Plates to be run for this season. One of our special correspondents will be in attendance.

Sale of Stock.—Mrs. ELLEN REES, of North Elkhorn, Ky., will offer for sale at auction on the 9th of Sept., at the residence of her late husband, Mr. DAVID REES, his entire stock of blood horses, cattle, sheep, etc., on nine months credit. The stock generally is of the most fashionable blood.

The Proprietor of the Jefferson City Course, in Missouri, thinks he will be able to organise a highly respectable Jockey Club before the Fall races. We see in the "Missouri Watchman" the following:—

CHALLENGE.—"*To the Sportsmen of Cole County.*—We have three Waxy colts, *Alice Grey*, *Othello*, and *Ploughboy*, all 3 yrs. old twelve months from next Fall, which we will run against any other three nags of the same age, foaled in Cole county. The race to be run twelve months from next Fall over the Jefferson City Course, a mile and repeat, for the sum of fifty dollars entrance for each, P. P. The entrance to be made by the 1st of June. E. W. WARD,
City of Jefferson, April 12, 1838. W. K. WINSTON."

ACCEPTANCE.—"Having noticed in the Missouri Watchman a proposition to run three colts—Alice Grey, Othello, and Ploughboy—next Fall come twelve months, against any other colts foaled in Cole county, for the sum of fifty dollars entrance each, (play or pay,) which proposition is taken up by the subscribers, who are willing to run over any regular Jockey Club course, but would prefer the Jefferson City Course. HENRY DIXON,
April 26, 1838. LEWIS BOLTON."

Imported Luzborough.—Mr. A. WHITLOCKE advertises that this splendid stallion will make his next season in Kentucky, and that his stable will be conveniently located near Lexington.

Rifle Match.—A match for $500 a-side was to have come off at Natchez, Miss., last month between WALTER STROTHER, Esq., and a gentleman named by Col. BINGAMAN. The Colonel's champion having failed to "come to taw," as "the Mayor of the Slashes" would say, Col. B. was obliged to pay forfeit. Another match, we hear, is on the tapis.

Imported Rowton.—We are concerned to hear that this fine racer and stallion is suffering very much from rheumatism at Hicksford, Va. He is undoubtedly one of the most valuable horses ever imported into this country, and any diminution of his usefulness is a positive loss.

The Wabash Jockey Club at Terre Haute, Indiana, ought to be up and doing. No report of their Spring meeting has been published, to our knowledge, and we see no announcement for the ensuing Fall. This paragraph will apply also to the Jockey Club at Peoria, Illinois. There are several fine horses standing in the two States, and great interest is felt in the improvement of stock generally.

Mr. EDWARD TROYE, the distinguished animal painter, has returned from Tennessee to Kentucky, where letters will reach him at Lexington.

The Wave.—The U. S. Schooner Wave, so celebrated as the yacht of JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, sailed hence for the coast of Florida on Wednesday evening last. The following is a list of the Officers:—JOHN T. MCLAUGHLIN, Lieut. Com'dt.; Edmund T. Shubrick, Ferdinand Pepin, and John T. Contee, Jr., Passed Midshipmen, 1st, 2d, and 3d Lieuts.; Mid. Charles R. Howard, acting Sailing Master; Horace D. Talliaferro, Asst.-Surgeon; G. W. Marshall, Capt's Clerk. The Wave and her gallant crew carry with them the best wishes of thousands of our citizens.

Is not our correspondent "dead amiss" in some of the opinions expressed in the extracts annexed from the letter of an eminent Southern turfman?—"I think the glory of *Fanny Wright* on the wane. She has been a very fine mare, but I do not think she was ever able to run with such horses as *Wagner*, *Josh Bell*, and *Pressure*. I fear the "Napoleon of the South-west" will not recover from his Waterloo defeat on the plains of Orleans. The Kentuckians with their truly chivalric character, are not satisfied with having there defeated the British hosts, but must now *there* conquer the best horses of the Union. Josh Bell is much superior to Pressure (in the same stable), four mile heats, and the latter is not easily beaten. Mr. BARROW will have a very strong string this Fall, and aspires to the lead upon the Louisiana turf. I understand that *Wagner* and *Pollard* are both in fine health, and will be prepared by GARRISON and *Old Charles* to meet anything that wears hair this Fall."

Mule Show in Kentucky.—In June last, Maj. SHELBY, of Lexington, offered to show 75 of his three year old *Mules* against the same number in the breeding stud of any gentleman in the State for a Silver Plate, worth $500, to which the following reply was made:—

"*The Challenge Accepted.*—Maj. T. H. SHELBY, *Sir*,—I will accept your challenge of June 16, 1838, (in the Observer and Reporter,) upon the following terms:—I will shew a yearling mule now upon my farm, against any one of the same age upon your farm, for a Silver Pitcher worth $100 I will also show my lot of two year old mules now upon my farm, against your lot of two year old mules now upon your farm, [including the whole lot of both], for a set of Silver Plate worth $500. The show to come off on half-way ground between us at such time as you may appoint. *Yes* or *No?* Respectfully,
June 29, 1838. C. M. CLAY."

To this proposition Maj. Shelby makes the annexed reply:—

"*The Challenge* NOT *Accepted!*—IT'S ALL A MISTAKE!!—C. M. CLAY, ESQ., *Sir*,—Your note of June 29th, addressed to me in the *Observer & Reporter* of the 4th inst., headed "THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED," was not observed by me until the 7th inst. Instead of accepting "*The Challenge*," your note contains two propositions or banters, neither of which has any reference to my challenge.

As to your first proposition, I must say *No!* not having a solitary Yearling Mule on my farm. As to your second banter, I object to the point designated. I cannot consent to show a fine stock on the River Cliff (half-way ground), merely for a premium, or its value. My object embraces different views. I wish to gratify a large community, by exhibiting the fine stock of the country collectively, and shewing the great improvement in that species of stock. That Kentucky is now producing blooded Mules, as well as blooded Horses, blooded Cattle, &c.,—having, as I conceive, brought them to the highest state of improvement,—now, I propose to exhibit at Lexington, *on next Fayette* (*July County Court day*), a lot of 75 three year old Mules, now on my farm, and two years old, against the same number now on your farm, two years old, for a set of Silver Plate, worth $500;—and now offer you the hospitalities of my farm for the accommodation of your stock, &c., coming and going, *Do* YOU *say Yes, or No, Sir?*
July 11, 1838. Respectfully, THOS. H. SHELBY."

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

It will be seen by the following articles from the Maysville "Eagle and Monitor," that a very fine Jockey Club has been organized in that city, under the direction of Col. OLIVER:—

We rejoice that we are able to announce to the lovers of blooded stock and fine sport, that Col. Y. N. OLIVER, of the New Orleans and Louisville courses, has succeeded in purchasing the land for a race course one mile above this city. The Club is now nearly full, and the first meeting will be held in this city on to-morrow evening, for the purpose of organizing and electing officers. The first race will come off about the third week in September next. We deem it unnecessary to say a word to the owners and breeders of blooded horses on this subject, the importance of having a good course properly conducted we are sure will be fully appreciated by the stock-raisers of Mason, and certain we are it will not be permitted to lalguish for want of liberal support.

Col. Oliver is too well known both as a gentleman and as the conductor of race courses, to require a word of commendation at our hands, but we may be permitted to say that the course here will be conducted in the most orderly manner and with the strictest regard to propriety and decorum, and no disorderly conduct, of whatsoever kind, will be for a moment tolerated. Col Oliver has rules for the observance of good order, and those rules will be rigidly enforced. We advise all who wish to become members, to make immediate application; and as Col. Oliver is making heavy outlays in fitting up and improving the course, it is desirable to have the club as lagre as possible, as it will thereby remunerate Col. O., and afford better purses.

The same paper states that at a meeting of the Club was convened at Wallace's, on Saturday, the 21st ult., for the purpose of organizing the Club, and electing officers, upon motion of Dr. JOHN M. DUKE, WM. BICKLEY, Esq. was called to the Chair, and WM. H. MCCARDLE appointed Secretary. After the transaction of some preparatory business, the following gentlemen were nominated and unanimously elected, viz:—

DR. WILLIAM T. TALIAFERRO, PRESIDENT.
Vice Presidents.
CHAS. A. MARSHALL, CHAS. B. RYAN, JOSEPH FORMAN, Jr., DR. JOHN M. DUKE, and A. A. WADSWORTH, Esqrs.
WILLIAM H. MCCARDLE, Esq., *Secretary.*

Upon motion, it was ordered that the officers of the Club, in conjunction with W. J. STRATTON, Esq., be appointed a committee to draw up Rules and Regulations for the government of the Club—the same to be submitted for its approval at its first meeting.

In alluding to the Officers, the Maysville editor remarks to the following effect:—

We think our readers will agree with us in saying that a more judicious selection could not have been made. The persons selected are gentlemen of character and standing, and their names will afford a sufficient guarantee that everything connected with the course will be conducted in the most fair and honorable manner. Mr. W. J. Stratton, who with Col. Oliver, is joint proprietor, informs us that he will make a course equal to any in the United States, and one that as good time can be made on.

We think it proper to state also that *no gambling* will be tolerated on the course; consequently good order and fine sport may be anticipated, as some of the best horses in Kentucky will be entered.

TROUT FISHING, BY N. P. WILLIS.

A series of original letters, addressed to "Doctor ——, of New York," are now in the course of publication in the "Mirror," from which we make a few selections relative to the delightful sport of Trout Fishing. WILLIS, clever as he is, cannot be denominated a true disciple of "honest Old Izaak," though he acknowledges he "should like to be an angler." Now, that's something, and our estimate of his genius, character, and attainments is increased ten per cent. at the least by this honest confession. In commending his article to the attention of the reader, we beg distinctly to put it to his friend how, with the "Spirit of the Times" as his "authority in sporting matters," he ventured to assume the responsibility of advising Willis to "cover the barb of his fly-hook with a worm?" We never heard of a more shocking proceeding, and have no hesitation in intimating to Willis to "look to his friend." We "have our suspicions" of him, and should not be surprised to hear that the brook was one of the best in the country, and that his advice to Willis was prompted by a desire to monopolize the sport to be derived from it. To think of putting a dismembered worm upon the barb of a delicate fly-hook! Why, it's monstrous! And then bear in mind that this advice was given to one who "would like to be an angler!" Yes, to Willis himself, who in after times might have immortalized himself by his glowing descriptions of a sport that has done more to glorify the name of KIT NORTH than his "Isle of Palms," his "Noctes," or his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." And then. too, to think of the outrageous affront put upon "the Spirit" by the culprit's having had the audacity to quote that "authority in sporting matters" in support of a proceeding which all (anglers) will pronounce "most tolerable and not to be endured." Willis may forgive him, and probably will, for, like Mawworm, he "likes to be abused," and, moreover, is a poet, and "would like to be an angler;" but if ever *we* do, may the first trout that rises to a fly of our's pull us so far into the stream, that a shark hook, with "the barb covered" with a young sea serpent, shall not be able to draw us out.

To know nothing of sailing a ship, of farming, of carpentering, in short, of any trade or profession, may be a proper, though sometimes inconvenient ignorance. I speak only of such deficiencies as a modest person will not confess without giving a reason—as a man who cannot swim will say he is liable to the cramp in deep water. With some reluctance, lately, I have brought myself to look after such dropped threads in my own woof of acquisitions, in the hope of mending them before they were betrayed by an exigency. *Trout Fishing* is one of these. I plucked up heart a day or two since, and drove to call upon a young sporting friend of mine, to whom I confessed, plump, I never had caught a trout. I knew nothing of flies, worms, rods, or hooks. Though I had seen in a book that "hog's down" was the material for the May-fly, I positively did not know on what part of that succulent quadruped the *down* was found.

"Positively!"

"Positively!"

My friend F. gravely shut the door to secure privacy to my ignorance, and took from his desk a volume—of flies! Here was new matter! Why, sir! your trout-fisher is a politician of the first *water!* Here were baits adapted to all the whims, weaknesses, states of appetite, even counter-baits to the very cunning of the fish. Taking up the "*Spirit of the Times*" newspaper, his authority in all sporting matters, which he had laid down as I came in, he read a recipe for the construction of one out of the many of these seductive imitations as a specimen of the labor bestowed on them.—"The body is dubbed with hog's down or light bear's hair mixed with yellow mohair, whipped with pale floss silk, and a small strip of peacock's herl for the head. The wings from the rayed feathers of the mallard, dyed yellow; the hackle from the bittern's neck, and the tail from the long hairs of the sable or ferret."

I cut my friend short midway in his volume, for ever since my disgust at discovering that the perplexed grammar I had been whipped through was nothing but the art of talking correctly, which I could do before I began, I have had an aversion to rudiments. "Frankly," said I, "dear F., my education has been neglected. Will you take me with you, trout-fishing, fish yourself, answer my questions and assist me to pick up the science in my own scrambling manner?"

He was good-natured enough to consent, and now, dear doctor, you see to what all this prologue was tending. A day's trout-fishing may be a very common matter to you, but the sport was as new to me as to the trout. I may say, however, that of the two, I took to the novelty of the thing more kindly.

The morning after was breezy, and the air, without a shower, had become cool. It was evident there had been rain west of us, and the sky was still grey—good auspices for the fisher. In half an hour we were climbing the hill with such contents in the wagon-box as my friend advised—the *debris* of a roast pig and a bottle of hock supposed to be included in the bait. As we got into the woods above, (part of my own small domain,) I could scarce help addressing my tall tenantry of trees. "Grow away, gentlemen," I would have said, had I been alone; "I rejoice in your prosperity. Help yourselves to the dew and sunshine! If the showers are not sent to your liking, thrust your roots into my cellar, lying just under you, and moisten your clay without ceremony—the more the better."

I have given you my thoughts as I went past my tall foresters, dear doctor, for it is part of trout-fishing, as quaint Izaak held it, to be stirred to musing and reverie by the influences of nature. In this free air, too, I scorn to be tied down to "the proprieties." Nay, if it come to that, why should I finish what I begin! Dame swallow, to be sure, looks curious to hear the end of my first lesson with the angle. But no! rules be hanged! I do not live on a wild brook to be plagued with rhetoric.

Talking of trout. We emerged from the woods of Glenmary, and rounding the top of the hill, which serves for my sunset drop-curtain, we ran down a mile to a brook in the bed of a low valley. It rejoices in no name, that I could hear of; but, like much that is uncelebrated, it has its virtues. Leaving William to tie the horse to a hemlock, and bring on the basket, we started up the stream, and coming to a cold spring, my friend sat down to initiate me into the rudiments of preparing the fly. A very gay-coated gentleman was selected, rather handsomer than your horse-fly, and whipped upon a rod quite too taper for a comparison.

"What next!"

"Take a bit of worm out of the tin box, and cover the barb of the hook!"

"I will. Stay! where are the *bits?* I see nothing here but full-length worms, crawling about, with every one his complement of extremities—not a tail astray."

"Bah! pull a bit off!"

"What! you don't mean that I am to pull one of these squirming unfortunates in two?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, come! that seems to me rather a liberty. I grant you 'my education has been neglected,' but, my dear F., there is mercy in a guillotine. I had made up my mind to the death of the fish, but this preliminary—horror!"

"Come! don't be a woman!"

"I wish I were—I should have a pair of scissors. Fancy having your leg *pulled* off, my good fellow. I say it is due to the poor devil that the operation be as short as possible. Suppose your thumb slips?"

"Why, the worm feels nothing? Pain is in the imagination. Stay! I'll do it for you—there!"

What the remainder of the worm felt I had no opportunity of observing, as my friend thrust the tin box into his pocket immediately; but the "bit" which he dropped into the palm of my hand gave every symptom of extreme astonishment, to say the least. The passing of the barb of the hook three times through him, seemed rather to increase his vitality, and looked to me as little like happiness as anything I ever saw on an excursion of pleasure. Far be it from me to pretend to more sensibility than Christopher North, or Izaak Walton. The latter had his humanities; and Wilson, of all the men I have ever seen, carries most marked in his fine face the philtre which bewitches affection. But emulous as I am of their fame as anglers, and modest as I should feel at introducing innovations upon an art so refined, I must venture upon some less primitive instrument than thumb and finger for the dismemberment of worms. I must take scissors.

I had never seen a trout caught in my life, and I do not remember at this moment ever having myself caught a fish of any genus or gender. My first lesson, of course, was to see the thing done. F. stole up to the bank of the stream as if his tread might wake a naiad, and threw his fly into a circling, black pool, sparkling with brilliant bubbles, which coiled away from a small brook-leap in the shade. The same instant the rod bent, and a glittering spotted creature rose into the air, swung to his hand, and was dropped into the basket. Another fling, and a small trail of the fly on the water, and another followed. With the third, I felt a curious uneasiness in my elbow, extending quickly to my wrist—the tingling of a new-born enthusiasm. F. had taken *up* the stream, and with his lips apart, and body bent over, like a mortal surprising some troops of fays at revel, it was not reasonable to expect him to remember his pupil. So, silently I turned *down*, and at the first pool threw in my fly. Something bright seemed born at the instant under it, and the slight tilting pull upon the pole took me so much by surprise, that for a second I forgot to raise it. Up came the bright trout, raining the silver water from his back, and at the second swing through the air, (for I had not yet learned the sleight of the fisher to bring him quick to hand,) he dropped into the pool, and was gone. I had already begun to take his part against myself, and detected a pleased thrill at his escape venturing through my bosom. I sat down upon a prostrate pine to new-Shylock my poor worm. As to the wild-wood worms that might be dug from the pine-tassels under my feet, I was incapable of violating their forest sanctuary. I would fish no more! I had had my pleasure. It is not like pulling up a stick or a stone, to pull up a resisting trout. It is a peculiar sensation, unimaginable till felt. I should like to be an angler very well *but for the worm in my pocket.*

News by the Packets.

The packet ship *Roscoe*, Capt. DELANO, which sailed from Liverpool on the 24th June, brought us our regular files of English papers. Though not of so late a date as those previously received per the Royal William steamer, they are none the less acceptable, as they supply important omissions in our files. "Bell's Life," and the other London sporting journals, contain the report of the Ascot and several other important meetings, the results of which have been impatiently looked for. We have devoted all the space at our command to Sporting and Green Room Intelligence.

The Cockney Coronation.—It is to be presumed that every one has read an account of the Coronation, but very few persons can have seen the one in this day's paper, from the "*London Paul Pry.*" A coronation like "the Virgin Queen's" may not be seen by the present generation, but as respects the one we give to-day, it is our candid opinion that such a one never has nor will be seen.

Mr. Harvey Coombe's *Cobham* and his two-year-old by Actæon, out of Frederica, arrived at Rogers's stables at Newmarket yesterday. It is singular that Rogers was not aware of this important addition to his lot till he saw it in the newspapers.

GREY MOMUS.—Messrs. Fuller have nearly ready for publication an admirable portraiture of *Grey Momus*, the winner of the Ascot Cup. It is from the pencil of Mr. Herring.

LEGER HORSES PER CARAVAN.—On Tuesday last a handsome new caravan reached Doncaster, containing *Don John* and the *Nonplus* colt, attended by four "grooms in waiting," two inside and out. They changed the van-horses at the New Angel, and immediately afterwards proceeded to Scott's training stables at Whitewall-corner.

The grand federal rifle match of the Swiss cantons will be held this year at St. Gall. The prizes nearly amount to 40,000f.

CHALLENGE.—Henry Johnson, of Nottingham, publican, undertakes to drive his grey mare, 17 years old, 16 miles in one hour and 20 minutes, to draw one ton weight. His money, to the tune of £25 or £50, is ready; and any application addressed to him at the Flying Horse, Nottingham, will meet with prompt attention.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—The following match against time has been made between a sporting gentleman of Market Harborough, and two very respectable farmers, residing in that neighborhood, for £50 a-side, half forfeit. The Harborough gentleman undertakes to drive (he weighs thirteen stone) his horse in harness, fifty miles, in four hours, then rest one hour, and do another fifty miles in the same way, and in the same time. The match to come off on the 18th (to-morrow) on the road between Leicester and Melton Mowbray.

PLAYING BILLIARDS ON HORSEBACK.—The subscribers to the Jockey Club in Paris not in the secret were on Tuesday astounded to see two of the members enter the billiard-room each mounted on a pony. It was soon ascertained they had agreed thus to play a match for 100 Napoleons. Their performance was curious and difficult enough, and occasionally excited the hilarity of the spectators of this extraordinary contest. The match was won by Mr. D. C. A.

A grand match of speed between carrier pigeons has been proposed by the Society at Antwerp, meeting at Shutterhoff. The birds are to be conveyed to London, and let off from thence on the 8th July. All the fanciers of Belgium are to be allowed to send birds.

The Dawley Stud (*Mr. Tattersall's*).

The following is a list (from Bell's Life) of the foals of the present season:—

A chesnut colt, by Glaucus, out of Crotchet, by Roller, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules, and Capt. Stockton's Langford); both untried.
A chesnut colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of Cuirass (the dam of Elk, Eel, Elm Emu, &c.); horse untried.
A bay colt, by Glaucus, out of Emmelina (the dam of Hock); horse untried.
A brown colt, by Muley Moloch, out of Jenny Mills, by Whisker; horse untried.
A bay colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of Jewess, by Moses, out of Calendula.
A bay colt, by Glaucus, out of Minnow, by Filho da Puta, out of Mervinia.
A bay colt, by Glaucus, out of Pledge, by Filho da Puta, out of Deposit's dam.
A bay colt, by Ishmael, out of Seamew, sister to Sailor.
A bay colt, by Glaucus, out of Wishful, by Walton, dam by Beningbrough.
A chesnut filly, by Velocipede, out of Conciliation, by Moses.
A brown filly, by Tomboy (by Jerry, out of Emancipation's dam).
A brown filly, by Camel, out of Codicil, by Smolensko—Beningbrough, &c.
A bay filly, by Buzzard, out of Donna Maria, by Partisan, out of Donna Clara.
A bay filly, by The Tulip, out of Georgiana, by Welbeck, out of Banshee, &c.
A bay filly, by Glaucus, out of Madoline, by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet.
A chesnut filly, by Nonsense, out of Scum, by Skim, dam by Orville.
A chesnut filly, by The Colonel, out of Variella, sister to Voltaire.

The above, the dams, and the following yearlings and two-year-olds, are on private sale:—

A bay yearling colt, by Fungus or Saracen, out of Rubigo, by Rubens.
A bay yearling colt, by Recovery, out of The Nun, by Blacklock.
A chesnut yearling colt, by Nonsense, out of Squib, by Soothsayer; horse untried.
A brown yearling colt, by Saracen, dam by Filha da Puta—Mervinia; mare untried.
A grey yearling colt, by Glaucus, out of Grisi, by Emilius, out of Bravura (the dam of Kate Kearney, Barcarole, &c.); horse untried.
A chesnut yearling filly, by Glencoe, out of Mandoline; horse untried.
A chesnut yearling filly, by Recovery, out of Primrose, by Comus—Cowslip.

ASCOT HEATH RACES

Commenced on Tuesday, June 12th, and went off with great eclat, having been attended by her Majesty and an immense array of fashionables. The report is of such length as to preclude its insertion this week, and we therefore give the following summary of the races during the meeting:—

TUESDAY, June 12, 1838—The *Oatlands Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5, &c., with 100 added; second to save his stake. Fifteen subs., nine of whom declared. Two miles and a half.

Lord Exeter's *Velure*, 3 yrs. 7st. 10lb ..... Conelly. 1
Mr. Dolehin's The Skater, 5 yrs. 7st. 5lb 2

A *Plate* of 50*l.* for maiden horses; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 8lb.—5 and upwards, 9st. 2lb.—mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Captain Williamson's *Mervan*, 4 yrs ..... S. Mann. 1
Captain Gardnor's c. by Gaberlunzie, out of Cinderella, 3 yrs 2

A *Gold Vase*, value 200 sovs., given by her Majesty, added to a Handicap of 25 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds. Swinley Course. Eight subs.

Lord Exeter's *Mecca*, 8st. 7lb ..... Conelly. 1
Mr. Greville's Morella, 7st. 9lb 2

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Last three quarters of a mile. Nine subs.

Mr. Wrexford's b. c. by Camel, out of Margellina ..... J. Day. 1
Mr. J. Dixon's b. c. by Camel, out of Maria 2

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas; 3 yr. olds 6st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 2lb.—5, 10st.—6 and aged, 10st. 5lb. From the New Mile Post, once round and in.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Valentissimo*, 6 yrs ..... Chapple. 1
Lord Chesterfield's Bretby, 3 yrs 2

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Old mile.

Lord Jersey's *Phœnix* ..... Robinson. 1
Mr. Vansittart's c. by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Abjer 2

Amato was in this race, but on Monday information was received at Ascot, from Sir G. Heathcote, that he would not run.

WEDNESDAY, June 13—*Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies and geldings 8st. 4lb.; with 50 sovs. added. Old mile. Three subs.

Lord Exeter's *Mecca*, by Sultan, 3 yrs ..... S. Mann. 1
Mr. F. Craven's Brockhampton, 3 yrs 2

3 to 1 on Mecca.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st. 7lb. Old mile. Thirteen subs.

Lord Chesterfield's *Industry*, by Priam ..... Scott. 1
Mr. Batson's Vespertilio 2

5 to 2 on Industry.

Handicap Plate of 100*l.*, for all ages. Cup Course.

Lord Chesterfield's *Bretby*, by Priam, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb ..... Nat. 1
Lord Exeter's Velure, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb 2

Even on Velure, 11 to 1 agst. Bretby, and 4 to 1 agst. Cetus.

THURSDAY, June 14—The *Windsor Town Plate* of 50 sovs., 3 yr. olds 7st.—4, 8st. 6lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; winner to be sold for 250*l.* &c. Two miles.

Fulwar Craven's *Doncaster*, 4 yrs ..... Trenn. 1
Capt. Pearson's Munchausen, 3 yrs 2

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 yr olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. Six subs.

Lord Jersey's *Ilderim* ..... Robinson. 1
Mr. Dixon's b. c. by Camel, out of Maria 2

The *St. James's Palace Stakes* of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Old mile. Ten subs.

Duke of Portland's c. *Bœotian* ..... J. Day. 1
Lord Jersey's c. Phœnix 1

3 to 1 on Phœnix (taken).

The *Gold Cup*, by subscriptions of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two miles and a half. Twenty subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's *Grey Momus*, 3 yrs ..... W. Day. 1
Mr. Bowes' Epirus, 4 yrs 2

The *Stand Plate* of 100 sovs. (handicap); once round and a distance.

Lord Exeter's *Mecca*, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb ..... Mann. 1
Fulwar Craven's Doncaster, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb 2

Match, 200 sovs., 8st. 7lb. each; Old mile.—Mr. Ford's *Quo Minus* (Robinson), beat Mr. Bond's Young Kean.

The *Windsor Forest Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, P.P.; for fillies, 8st. 4lb. Old mile. Four subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Larnaca* ..... Chapple. 1
Lord Exeter's Velveteen 2

FRIDAY, June 15—The *Workingham Stakes* (first class) of 5 sovs. each; last three quarters of the New Mile; 31 subs.

Mr. F. Craven's *Doncaster*, 4 yrs. 8st. 13lb ..... Trenn. 1
Capt. Gardnor's Bandboy, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb 2

The *Workingham Stakes* (second class) of 5 sovs. each; last three quarters of the New Mile.

Mr. V. King's *Hectic*, 6 yrs. 9st. 6lb ..... Sly. 1
Lord G. Bentinck's Seth, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb 2

A *Plate* of 50*l.*, given by the Members for Windsor, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; for 2 yr. olds, 7st.—3, 9st. 2lb.—fillies and geldings allowed 2lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c.; three quarters of a mile.

Capt. Gardnor's br. c. by Gaberlunzie, out of Cinderella, 3 yrs ..... Pavis. 1
Mr. Greville's Morella, 3 yrs 2

TROTTING AT MANCHESTER.

A *Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for trotting horses of all ages; 14 hands to carry 10st., and from this will be taken or added weight for inches. Two mile heats. The second to save his stake.

Mr. Taylor's ch. m. (Birmingham) *Lady*, 11st. 7lb. (11lb. extra) ..... Breeden.	1	0	1
Mr. John Cowpe's ch. h. Wankey, 11st	0	1	0
Mr. Clarke's bl. h. The Unknown, 12st	2	2	2
Mr. Batty's br. h. Alexander, 12st. 7lb. (10lb extra)	0	0	3
Mr. Winder's m. Bess, 11st. 7lb.	3	0	4
Mr. Taylor's b. m. Martha, 12st	0	0	0
Mr. Wilding's Fire-away, 12st. 7lb	0	0	dr
Mr. Richardson's b. m. Kitty, 12st	dist.		

Time, 5:50—5:44—3d heat not given.

First Heat—The start was a beautiful one, and they all got well off together. Bessy took the lead, followed by Alexander and the rest, but soon gave way to Unknown, who kept his place the first round. He was then collared by the Birmingham mare, who regularly gained ground, and came in five yards before the Unknown; three of them about twenty yards behind; Wankey and Alexander just saved, and Kitty distanced.

Betting, before the heat, 2 to 1 on the field, now changed to 2 to 1 on the Birmingham mare; Wankey had his fanciers, who took £60 to £10 on him against the field.

Second Heat—All well off, Bess again leading with Wankey well up, but was soon put in the shade by Unknown. Second time round the Birmingham mare came up the hill at racing pace, and headed them all ten yards. She appeared to have all her own way, and the rider eased her a little. Wankey made play, and came alongside, with the rider shouting like a madman, and the whip quivering in his grasp, when the mare made a rush at the little horse, caught him by the mane with her teeth and actually shook it: she broke in consequence. Wankey went away and won the heat.

The betting changed to 2 to 1 on Wankey. The rest were forty yards behind, with the exception of Birmingham, Alexander, and the Unknown.

Third Heat—For a quarter of a mile kept together; Alexander then took the lead, at twenty yards in advance, and kept his place once round. Here he broke and gave place to the Unknown with the Birmingham mare at his heels, the rest at twenty yards distance, with Wankey last, who broke twice and never recovered himself. When about a quarter of a mile from home, the Birmingham mare, true to her purpose, came up at terrific speed, and went in first by twenty yards.—The course is 36 yards short of a mile. Sunday Times.

On Tuesday a humorous incident occurred in connexion with the adventures of a race-course. Two of the most experienced thieves of the metropolitan districts were taken in the fact of picking pockets by Goddard. They were taken before Sir F. Roe, who was in attendance on the course, and forthwith committed to durance vile in Reading gaol. Goddard immediately "accommodated" these gentlemen with "darbies," *Anglice* handcuffs, and they were then transferred to the safe-keeping of a provincial constable, who was instructed to convey them to the place of their sojourn.* The provincial constable was but a poor match for his new customers, whose London education was more than sufficient for his rural simplicity. They managed to lull his vigilance in the transit, and as soon as the cart which contained the trio arrived at the Pheasant, at Hurst, extricated themselves from the handcuffs and their new acquaintance at the same time. Their unlucky *custos*, a fine pastoral Dogberry, was on Wednesday on the race-ground complaining of their ingratitude, and making inquiries with a view to their recapture.

LEAPING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Saturday, the 9th instant, a chesnut gelding (Dreadnought), the property of Mr. William Long, of Marham, Norfolk, was taken from his stall and instantly mounted by a gentleman, whose sporting celebirty is well known in the neighborhood, for the purpose of deciding an argument between the friends of the above-named gentleman, who thought it impossible for the horse to clear a brook on the farm of Mr. Long, knowing at the same time the horse had hunted last season with the stag-hounds of H. Villebois, Esq., of Marham House; but to their astonishment he actually cleared the five following leaps. In the first leap, over the brook, he cleared 30ft. 2 in.; the second, over a stake-bound fence with the ditch from him, he cleared 26ft. 11in.; the third, over a post and rail fence, the ditch from him, he cleared 25ft. 10in.; the fourth, clearing a ditch and thorn fence, 23ft. 9in.; and the fifth, into the stack-yard of Mr. Long, with post and rail fence, 22ft. 5in.

CIGAR RACE.—This variety of sporting may be new to some of our readers, but it is not uncommon on the other side of the Atlantic. The conditions are, that the rider starts with a lighted cigar in his mouth, continues to smoke it during the race, and comes in with it lighted; much of course depends on the goodness of the cigar, but still more on the tact of the smoker. If he does not ride fast enough he loses the race that way; if he rides too fast the air may either blow it out, or cause it to burn so fiercely that it will be entirely consumed before he reaches the winning-post. The fastest cigar-race on record was run in December last, at Kingston, Jamaica; mile heats. Time the first heat, two minutes ten seconds; the second heat, two minutes twelve seconds. Climate and other circumstances considered, it must in every sense of the word have been a smoking race.

SOMETHING LIKE TRAVELLING.—A month ago, Lord Roden rode his horse down to the Pigeon-house, Dublin, shipped himself and steed, and crossed by steam to Liverpool. On leaving the Mersey Docks he again mounted and rode to the Adelphi. Next day he rode to the railway station, entered one of the first class carriages, and proceeded to Rugby. Here the saddle again became useful, and our equestrian, without hurrying himself greatly, soon mastered the unfinished point of the line, on to Denbigh Hall, a distance of 37 miles. Locomotion, from this point wss again resorted to, and, the great metropolitan station arrived at, he trotted on horseback to his own house in London. There was some waste of time in Liverpool, and but for this, the whole distance including 120 miles of sea, would have been completed in little more than 24 hours. What would our grimitive forefathers have said to the bare idea of such an achievement. Simply, that it was a physical impossibility, a chimera, dream, spectral illusion—anything, in short, but sober reality.

GRAND RIFLE MATCH AT CHALK FARM.—Tuesday last being the day fixed for contending for Colonel Barber Beaumont's three medals, there was, notwithstanding the weather, a strong muster both of competitors and spectators on the Rifle Ground at Chalk Farm. Two of the medals, one of gold and the other of bronze, were presented by the Colonel to the Acrotormentarian Society, but the remaining one, of silver, was open to any rifleman who chose to enter the lists. The terms were twenty-four shots from the shoulder, at 200 yards from the target. The weather was most unpropitious, for the wind and the rain, and afterwards the thick mist drawn by the sun from the wet grounds, rendered it most difficult to take an accurate aim, and called forth all the skill of the experienced riflemen who assembled. Among the acrotormentarians we noticed Mr. Wm. Moore, the winner for two successive years of the Diamond Champion Cross; Mr. Margary, Mr. A. Margary, Count Alvarez, Captain Roper, Messrs. Dan, Chantry, Catherwood, &c. At half-past two the contest began, and was kept up with great spirit, Mr. Margary taking the lead, till an accident occurred to his rifle, he was obliged to quit the field. Mr. Chantry was now the favorite, though closely followed by Mr. W. Moore; but the steady shooting of Mr. A. Margary at length gave him the advantage over his opponents and left him the winner of the gold medal, Mr. Chantry coming in second for the bronze. Mr. A. Margary made nineteen hits and four bull's eyes, and Mr. Chantry nineteen hits and three bull's eyes. The silver medal, for non-members, was won by Mr. Fenton, who succeeded, after a severe struggle with several Swiss gentlemen, whose shooting was, as usual, of the first-rate order. At the conclusion of the sport the competitors and their friends sat down to a substantial dinner, served up in Bowden's best style, to which their appetites, sharpened by their previous exertions, enabled them to do ample justice. Colonel Barber Beaumont was in the chair. The cloth being removed, and the usual loyal toasts having been drunk with accustomed honors, the health of the Chairman was received with the most enthusiastic applause. As soon as silence could be restored the Colonel rose to return thanks. He stated that during the whole course of his life he had supported rifle shooting, and had raised, and for many years commanded, the first rifle corps in the kingdom. That he considered skill in the use of the rifle the best defence of the country in case of foreign invasion, from which, owing to the introduction of steam navigation, he did not consider England so secure, should any rupture occur with the Continent, as she was during former wars. America, he said, could bear witness to what a band of hardy woodsmen, armed with rifles, could effect against the disciplined troops that were brought against them. He then declared his intention of annually distributing the same prizes for the encouragement of rifle shooting, and sat down amidst the hearty cheers of the company, who kept up the festivities of the evening till a late hour.

WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME BY A FEMALE AGED SIXTY-FIVE.—On Thursday week the lower part of Belgrave Gate was in a bustle for three hours, with an immense crowd of people, in consequence of a female named M'Millan, aged sixty-five, having undertaken to walk fifteen miles in three hours, for a sovereign. The distance measured was from a milestone near the Black Lion, Belgrave Gate, and to walk half a mile out and return. At one o'clock the pedestrian started, and went the first two miles in twenty-four minutes. She continued her career without stopping, and finished her task with about eleven minutes to spare. She appeared to go over the ground with ease to herself, and many that accompanied her were obliged to keep upon the loose trot. She walked from Melton Mowbray the day previous. Leicester Herald.

Foot-racing was never in greater repute than at the present time in Yorkshire, particularly the West Riding. Another of these matches came off on Monday evening last, at eight o'clock, on the Doncaster course, four miles, between two young men, named Rickard and Sykes, for £2 a side. It was well contested throughout, but the sacond time round, Sykes passed his opponent at the rising of the hill; a change afterwards took place in the valley, in favor of Rickard, but it was only momentary, for on leaving the Red House Sykes again passed him, and won by about two yards. Another match is in progress between the same men, the same distance, which was accomplished without training, in 26 minutes and a few seconds.

George Gregory is ready to back himself against any man in England for the following feats:—Throw a sledge hammer of 20lbs.; run 200 yards; play at bowls; throw a cricket ball; row from Winchester to Putney; play at billiards; ditto at quoits—all for £50. John O'Groat's Hotel, Rupert-street.

CRICKET.—The Sheffield cricketers have challenged the Nottingham players for £50, or £100, home and home, and the Nottingham club will make terms with them for £100 a-side.

DEATH OF YOUNG PHANTOM.—About a month ago this valuable stallion, the property of Mr. Scott, the celebrated jockey, in crossing over a small wooden bridge, erected over a drain in Holderness, Yorkshire, where he has been recently stationed, had the misfortune to fall over the side, and sustained such injuries from the accident and in plunging to extricate himself, that caused his death three days afterwards. He was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and foaled in 1822; was got by Phantom, his dam Emmeline, by Waxy.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.—Prince Hoare's musical farce of "Three and the Deuce" has been cut into one act for the purpose of displaying Mr. Balls as *the Tria juncta in Uno*. Though less refined than Elliston, he is not less mercurial, and he dashes out the fop in bold colors, and relieves the idiot from the revolting truth of his predecessor's assumption.

HAYMARKET.—Another of Buckstone's amusing farces was produced here on Thursday evening, June 14, under the title of "The Irish Lion," concocted obviously to supply Power with a new part. In this respect we must allow that the author has succeeded to admiration—far better than Mr. Lover, who contributed his last assumption of character in the "Peppers." Power, as a "tiler," or tailor, is great indeed. As an Irish gentleman he is far less satisfactory; and the reason is, that his portrait is not that of a "gentleman" at all—we allude to him on, not off, the stage. In the piece produced on Thursday, he slays the part of an Irish "travelling tailor," Tim More by name, who, by a mistake not uncommon in farces, receives an invitation intended for the illustrious Tom Moore, to be present at a soiree given by Squibbs, a retired city merchant, under the superintendence of a "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" lady, named Mrs. Cerulea Fitzgig. A host of others, eager to pay their respects to the great poet, are also present. The drilling of the company by the blue-stocking as to the proper manner of paying flattering attentions and compliments to their poetic vistor, is not the least amusing part of the piece. In due time comes in, not the Irish bard, but the Irish tailor, who, finding the whole company disposed to make much of him, wisely determines to make the most of himself. His "sayings and doings" are applauded to the very echo; even his "shocking bad hat," as covering the cranium of a genius, is pronounced by a military spark to be "dam fine." In the plenitude of his delight he plays a thousand diverting antics, all of which being set down as the ebullitions of genius, are most flatteringly received. He writes his name in an album, and loses a lock of his hair—a veritable which he borrowed for the occasion—which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, is clipped off by his fair entertainer. This, however, is too good to last. Tim had borrowed the coat of a customer of his master for this great occasion; and the latter getting scent of what is going forward, makes his appearance at the festivities, and very speedily dispels the fairy illusions of the company. He shows up Tim More in his true character of a tailor, and all present are unanimous in their exclamations of contempt and disgust at their former idol. Mrs. Cerulea, in particular, is shocked at the idea of being the possessor of a lock of hair from a "nasty tailor." By a lucky rencontre, however, he ultimately comes off better than he expected, and all parties, including the audience, are well satisfied. London Sunday Times.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Saturday next (23d June) Sheridan Knowles takes his benefit. His last new play, "Woman's Wit," and "The Wife," compressed into three acts, will be performed. If her Majesty is desirous to show that England's Queen knows how to appreciate England's chief dramatist, she will not only go to Sheridan Knowles' benefit, but she will go in state. Last year she went to a benefit at the Italian Opera. *N'importe.*

STRAND.—On Monday, after "The Rake's Progress," a new burlesque, entitled "The Lady of the Lyons," was produced here; of course it is, as its name implies, a travestie upon Bulwer's play. Clod (Hammond) and Polly (Miss Daly) are the Macready and Helen Faucit of the piece, and keep up the ball with very excellent fooling. Attwood gives an admirable imitation of Elton, and Young burlesques the warrior most amusingly.

Sheridan Knowles has addressed a respectful letter to her Majesty, in advocacy of the rights and cause of the drama.

Mademoiselle Mars has had a most fortunate escape from robbery. On Sunday, being slightly indisposed, she remained at home, and at an early hour in the evening her *femme de chambre* went to prepare the bedchamber for the night. She, however, returned to her mistress in terror, informing her that the looking-glass of the wardrobe, in which she kept the iron box containing her jewels, was broken. The police were immediately called in, and the house searched. After some time a man was found concealed in a recess, which had not been opened for a long period. He was recognised as a former servant of Mademoiselle Mars, named Garcin. On being taken to the prefecture he further confessed that he was engaged with two other men in robbing his mistress some time ago, of a valuable diadem, set with diamonds, which, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, never could be recovered. These two men have been arrested.

Handel's opera of "Acis and Galatea" will be produced for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday next (20th June), for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. E. Seguin, when the following artistes will appear:—Lablache, F. Lablache, Madame Albertazzi, Cinti, Damoureau, Ivanoff, &c.

At the conclusion of the Covent Garden season, which will be in the course of a fortnight, Miss Shirreff, Wilson, Leffler, and Manvers, leave town for Cork, where they intend to produce Rooke's beautiful opera of "Amilie."

On Thursday, during the performance of the "Heir at Law," at the Windsor theatre, a rush of Etonians took place to the gallery, when, lamentable to state, the Hon. Watson Milles, second son of Lord Sondes, fell into the pit, and coming in contact with the edge of one of the seats, fractured his skull, and now lies in a most dangerous state.

The Misses Smith are engaged at the Adelphi theatre, Edinburgh. They appeared on Monday last in Buckstone's opera of "Rural Felicity."

Otway is playing at Chichester, and strange to say, to good houses. The Woods have concluded their engagement in Dublin, which has been profitable to the manager as well as themselves. Those celebrated pantomimists, Messrs. Brown, Gibson, and King, are performing at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool. Mrs. Nisbett has been gratifying the poople of Leeds with her admirable personation of Lady Teazle.

Balls is about to leave London on a provincial tour. He has engagements at various theatres for the next three months. We saw him a few nights since in "The Three Singles," and have not witnessed anything equal to his personations since the days of Elliston.

Farren performed at Manchester on the 9th in "The Clandestine Marriage" and "Naval Engagements." The house was well filled.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will leave England in the course of a few weeks; they will proceed to the United States in the Great Western, from Bristol. Age.

Greenwich Maid.—This fine trotting mare, lately advertised for sale in this paper, was sold on Saturday last for $1900, to Mr. EDWARDS, of Philadelphia. The Philadelphians will be able to beat us one of these days, if they make many more purchases like Beppo, Tompkins, and Greenwich Maid.

The late Archibald Craig.—In the death of this kind-hearted and estimable officer, the Chemical Bank has sustained a loss almost irreparable, and the community at large has been deprived of a good and worthy citizen. In the funeral train that followed him to his last resting place, were many of our most prominent inhabitants, who honored him in life, and will long cherish and revere his memory. If the officers of our other banking institutions would emulate the example of Mr. C., we should have less complaints against them. He died without an enemy.

ALLEN, late of "the Lion," Boston, has taken the Knickerbocker Hotel, next door to the Park theatre, and promises to make it as popular as it was some years since under HOLT'S management. It has been greatly enlarged, and there are several Billiard Tables and a Bowling Alley attached.

[For the New York Spirit of the Times.]

WOLF SHOOTING ON THE TURKISAG.*

FATE OF THE RUNNER.

Words are totally inadequate to pourtray the sensations I experienced as I witnessed the fall of Girden, and heard the tremendous roar of the huge body of earth as it rushed after him, carrying with it no doubt of the unfortunate Runner's annihilation. In fact, the energies of all the party seemed at once paralysed. At the first disappearance of Girden, we all made an involuntary rush to the edge of the scaffold, as if we would avert his dreadful fate, where, our rifles dropping from our nerveless hands, we stood transfixed, gazing on the spot where the poor boy had receded from our sight.

We were only brought to a sense of our own perilous situation by the sudden disappearance of the light from the torches, followed by a succession of howls that caused the blood to chill within our veins. The pine knots—the bands which confined them to the trees being burnt—had fallen to the earth, casting a faint glimmer around; but presently died away, leaving us without other light than that which the moon, now declining in the west, shed gloomily upon the scene.

Our fears now took another turn; our eyes were for a moment—'twas but a glance—a glance that spoke volumes—bent on each other's, as we observed the diminished state of our ammunition. It was only about eleven o'clock, and the numbers of our besiegers, instead of decreasing, had momentarily augmented, and on our sudden cessation from firing, had made their way unperceived to the foot of the scaffold. It was utterly impossible that we could much longer hold out against them, and we at once prepared, like men who know the worst, and thus nerved by desperation, to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

The scene was worthy of a master's pencil; there might be witnessed one of the grandest sights that could be imagined:—the towering trees—the cliff that overhung the fatal abyss, down which nothing could be seen, presenting a darkness that seemed palpable to the touch; and the figures on the scaffold, too: the countenances of those resolute men told of unflinching courage, and a determination to revenge the fate of the Runner. On one side of the platform stood a hunter, his right hand grasping his grounded rifle, while his left pressed closely to his side a fair-haired boy, about seven years old, whose innocent and terrified looks were cast upon the pale, yet stern features of his father, mutely imploring that protection from the author of his being, which he seemed, alas! unable to afford. "My God!" I heard the father murmur—it was the *father* that spoke, and the convulsive working of the muscles of his sun-burnt face—the cold drops of perspiration that stood upon his brow, betrayed the agony he endured. That sacred Name was all he uttered, and he drew still closer to him his only child, the pride of his manhood, and destined, as he had fondly hoped, to be the prop of his declining years.†

Suddenly a crash broke upon our ears, and we started, gazing around us, bewildered by the deafening roar that rose upon the momentary stillness of the night. The start had been too violent for the strength of our landing: one side of it tottered—fell—and with it also fell the child, who had been unconsciously released from his parent's embrace. It was but an instant of time—the child rolled helplessly upon the ground, while a faint scream issued from his mouth, as the wolves sprung towards him, their angry teeth gnashing against each other, and their eyes gloating upon their innocent victim. With a start of madness the wretched father heard the cry of his offspring, and with a leap he fell among the ruthless monsters, who for a moment shrunk back, and then gathering anew their ferocious powers, dashed upon him. He caught his child in his arms, and with his own body shielded its tender form, unmindful of the lacerations inflicted upon himself by the fangs of his foes. He held the child towards us, his lips quivering with pain, while numbers were fastened upon his back. The taste of blood had lent a preternatural ferocity to their natures.

"Save—sa—my boy!" was all he could utter, and Ralph caught both father and son, and with a gigantic effort drew them upon the scaffold. The hunter for an instant was aware of his present safety, and the safety of his child, for he clasped

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* Resumed from Spirit of the Times of 28th April.

† It may strike the reader as drawing too largely upon fiction in placing so young a boy in such a situation; so far from this being the case, I have known much younger children taken by their fathers on such occasions, to inure them to a hunter's life, and render them familiar with danger in its most startling forms.

him to his bosom, again and again, as if he would in that fond embrace have additional evidence of his safety; and then, with an hysterical laugh, that caused his chest to swell almost to bursting, he swooned away, unconscious of all around.

This last incident completely destroyed what little self-possession I had left, and I stood gazing on those around me, incapable of moving a hand in our common defence, or of uttering one word as to the best mode for our safety. I can even at this distance of time recal my feelings at that period, which cause my blood to flow more sluggishly within my veins, and I shrink, as it were, into myself, as if I were even now writhing under the merciless fangs of the wolves.

No sooner were father and son drawn upon the platform, than there was a rush upon the part of our foes; the hunters, whose energies had been stretched to their greatest extent by the fearful scene, incapacitating them for vigorous action, now relaxed, and they simultaneously commenced a system of defence, which it would require Herculean strength and endurance long to maintain; each man seized his rifle, and thus beat back the wolves, amidst howls that sounded horribly through the wilds.

Suddenly I felt my hand grasped; I started, for 'twas a hand, the icy coldness of which ran along my arm with a gush to my heart. I gazed upon the calm, clear, motionless features of Ralph; for a moment he bent his eyes upon mine, and a sickly smile played upon his countenance. "Seebright," said he, "I fear we have looked our last upon the mountains. Methinks I could die were it by the fangs of some nobler animal; but to be so cut off is more than I can bear."

"Nay, nay," said I, in a voice scarcely audible; and the faint attempt I made to re-assure those around me, God knows, arose from no flattering hopes in my own breast; "do not despair, while we live let's hold out; and if it's so fated that we are to perish, let us die like hunters."

"That we will," said Ralph, with sudden energy, and his countenance lighted up into an expression, not of hope, but of noble resignation, mingled with a look of stern resolves, such as I had never beheld in the face of living man. I cannot now refrain from paying a last tribute to departed worth, for I have outlived him who was the first and dearest of my friends. If ever the noblest feelings of our nature—those sentiments which partake of the divine essence of the Creator—were concentrated in the bosom of one individual, surely it was in that of Ralph Moreland. A truer friend no man ever possessed,—no father was ever blest by a more duteous son,—a sister by a more affectionate brother. If the prayers of many happy mothers are heard at *that* throne, breathed forth for one who had, by the exposure of his own life, saved that of their offspring from many an untimely end, his fate cannot be lamented.

It was a sight of the most harrowing interest, to see so many manly forms, animated with healthful life, thus doomed to almost inevitable destruction; and in addition to all this, the dreadful fate of Girden, and the wounded hunter. May I never witness such another sight, rather would I die a hundred deaths than become a partaker in so many fearful and heart-rending calamities.

"Hark!" said Ralph, clutching me by the arm, while his lips nearly touched my ear; though spoken in an under tone, it was heard by all the party, and they instantly assumed a listening attitude. A feeling at that moment crept over me for which I am unable to account. It seemed as if a load was taken from my heart, and it beat with emotions, such as those only that have been placed in similar situations can understand. The moon had sunk below the horizon, and clouds began to collect together, first light and fleecy, but presently becoming more dense, enveloping all around in the most impenetrable darkness;—then a slight wind, becoming by and bye more violent, passed over us in sudden gusts, giving evidence of an approaching storm, which could not but make more bitter our helpless situation. For a moment our tormentors paused in their howlings, and turned as if they themselves were held back in their career by some invisible cause. Again their attention was directed towards us, when a faint clap of thunder was heard afar off, but gaining power as it neared us, broke at length in a tremendous roar above our heads. Could the howls that followed this convulsion of nature have been heard by any that peruse this sketch, they could then, and then only, imagine what tremendous forms the horrible can assume, and in what manner true courage can prepare itself to meet and overcome the direst emergency. To face unmoved the cannon's mouth, or rush upon the point of opposing bayonets, is not so true a test of the courage of man as are the scenes like that I am now attempting to describe. By and by a sweeping sound was heard, and another peal broke over us lounder than the last. In an instant the wolves again shrunk back into the wood, giving us immediate hopes of our safety, while the atmosphere becoming cold, almost to freezing, made our situation pitiable in the extreme.

No sooner had the animals left us, than Ralph, who had been watching their motions with a wary eye, sprung from the platform, and darted with the speed of light down the opposite side of the mountain, and was lost in an instant in the impenetrable darkness. Equally quick was the rush of the ravenous beasts, as they saw his flight. My soul sickened, and I fell helpless upon the landing; but oh! what was my transports when I heard above the awful roar, these inspiring words—"I am safe!" I at once comprehended the step of Ralph, and we all imbibed new power, from the hope that succour must soon reach us, if the storm would but continue to aid us against our enemies.

The lightning now became less frequent, and the thunder scarcely heard, when we were again closely beset, and called upon anew for the exertions of our almost benumbed faculties. An hour had passed away, and yet no sign of Ralph; my heart bled for the poor boy with us, whose cries were heard every moment, lamenting his father's fate. My fortitude was fast ebbing away, when a sudden glare streamed upon us, lighting up the woods as if by magic; and upon directing our eyes in the direction from whence it proceeded, we had the unbounded joy to perceive a body of men swiftly approaching us, bearing in their hands large bundles of brushwood, lighted with a flame that revealed everything around with the brightness of noonday. They came forward with a shout that caused our hearts to beat with rapture

With what joy did we hail our deliverers! More than one knee was bent in mute thankfulness to *Him* who had thus preserved so many of his creatures from an untimely end. Our besiegers, affrighted at the shouts of our friends, and the flames from their torches, slunk into the darkness of the wood with a terrific howl, though losing many of their number from the volley that was discharged after them. We instantly set about collecting a sufficient quantity of brushwood,—an agreeable occupation, as contrasted with our previous situation on the confined limits of the scaffold,—which soon sent upwards an enlivening flame, imparting ts cheerful and invigorating effects to our almost worn-out persons, now happily secure from further danger, on the part of our foes.

By this time it was three o'clock, and it yet wanted some two or three hours of day-break; but not one of us felt an inclination to sleep, except Mr. Jones, who soon began, after it had been declared by the party there was no further danger to be apprehended, to emit certain equivocal complainings about *that* complaint, which, he said, with a most doleful and serious air, had tormented him from the commencement of the evening, almost preventing him from assisting in our common defence, as we might, he added, have observed. Very true, his assistance was rendered no longer than such time when our powder was expended, but he stood on the off edge of the scaffold, his countenance undergoing as many different contortions and expressions, as the chameleon's skin. I do not believe Mr. Jones was a coward, nor do I believe he was destitute of feeling, or insensible to the misery our party had been subject to; for I think he would have done any thing in the world to serve a friend, provided he was at first made acquainted with the method to be pursued; but in this case, though he was familiar with danger, as every huntsman is, he was not from habits or inclination at all versed in the mysteries of wolf-skirling, otherwise than as far as the use of the rifle was concerned, of which latter accomplishment he was no mean proficient. Thus, and perhaps from his peculiarly nervous temperament, I think he was incapable of affording any vigorous aid. Bob now began very deliberately to lay himself out before the fire, not that he was thus forced to yield to somnolency—oh, no,—but to *the* complaint, which he knew (with a most excruciating sigh) would soon be the death of him, and most earnestly begged Ralph not to permit him to sleep *very* long.

During the remainder of the night the silence was unbroken, save by the occasional crack of a rifle, as it brought to the ground a straggling wolf, who, more daring than his fellows, had braved the fire, and entered within the range of our guns; each now was occupied with his own thoughts, which were, to judge from their countenances, of the most painful nature. On the other hand, it would have been gratifying to any one to have seen the wounded hunter, as he held the sleeping boy in his arms, conscious that he was now secure from further harm. Once during the night Ralph approached me, his eyes filled with tears, and his breast heaving with uncontrollable emotion, and pressing my hand in one of his, while the other pointed to the fatal gap—"Girden!" was all he could utter, and he hastily walked apart from the party, where he stood, with his arms folded, till the first appearance of daylight, when he gave the signal, and we began our descent to the bottom with as much haste as possible. The hunter, who had been lacerated in his efforts to save his son, though not mortally wounded, required the help of his companions to enable him to perform the journey, which, from its rugged nature, required great caution.

Ralph walked hastily in advance of us, gazing anxiously before him, occasionally stopping and leaning on his rifle, as if he would recruit sufficient strength to bear the spectacle which would sooner or later meet his sight. All in a greater or less degree labored under the same feelings, for they were well acquainted with the Runner, who, apart from his lonely situation in the world, was loved by them as a brother. But he had been the playmate of Ralph, brought up under the same parental eye, fed at the same bountiful board, and shared the same bed. Could there have been other feelings in such a breast as that of Ralph Moreland s? No; had he been his brother—had the same mother given them birth—he could not have felt less miserable at his wretched fate.

Suddenly we saw Ralph fall upon his knees, and we involuntarily stood still, awe-struck, as these words fell upon our ears, uttered in a low voice, but with sufficient force and distinctness to find their way directly to our hearts—

"*O, remember that my life is wind; mine eye shall no more see good. The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more; thine eyes are upon me, and I am not. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.*"

The voice ceased, and we approached just in time to see Girden cast his eyes upon the face of Ralph, as he snatched one of the Runner's hands between his own. As appears the sun from a cloud after a storm, so was the countenance of the poor Runner irradiated by a heart-felt smile, as he caught the expression of the eyes of his dearest friend. His orbs lighted up with a supernatural brilliancy, and for a moment the crimson blood rushed to his cheek, but nature had been over-tasked, and, with a sob, his fingers relaxed the grasp of the hand of Ralph, and he appeared to have suddenly ceased breathing. Half covered with earth and loose fragments of stones, lay the unfortunate Runner, presenting a spectacle that was sickening to look upon. His face was much bruised and besmeared with congealed blood and dirt, while his garments were thoroughly saturated with the rain which had poured upon his defenceless person; the blood had also spread over a part of his hair, dying it almost to a crimson hue; his left arm, lay shattered and impotent by his side, and his legs were horribly mangled, while from different parts of his body the life-blood slowly oozed out from many a gaping wound. I could scarcely discern him, so rapidly did the tears fill my eyes, and had my salvation depended upon it, I could not have uttered a word.

In a moment, some of us had constructed a litter, while others as quickly, and before returning consciousness had made him sensible of his pain, extricated Girden from his dreadful situation, and gently placed him upon it, making it as easy and comfortable as the garments we possessed would allow. In a few moments he opened his eyes, stared wildly around him, and fixed his gaze upon us as we bent towards him, eager to catch the first sign of returning consciousness. With a faint smile he closed his eyes, and re-opened them upon Ralph, who was unable to conceal his emotion, which manifested itself in violent sobs.

"Ralph," said Girden, feebly, while he reached forth his hand, and laid it within that of his friend, "do not thus grieve for me; I am not in pain—besides, I am far from being unhappy. '*My foot hath held* HIS *steps; his way have I kept, and not declined.*'"

Ralph made an attempt to speak, but the words died away in inaudible murmurs; and rising from his knees, he sought, by busying himself in preparations for our return home, to subdue the grief which deprived him of utterance. By the time that everything was ready, Girden had sunk into a kind of lethargic slumber, apparently suffering from no very excruciating pain, save when affected by an occasional spasmodic contraction of a muscle, at which time his skin would assume a purple hue, and the blood recede from his lips, causing a suppressed groan to issue from between his set teeth. In this state he was born to Charlottesville, and placed under the care of Bob's mother, from whom he would receive every care that human means could bestow. Soon after, he composedly signified to Ralph his belief that he should never recover, and wished that he might once more be permitted to behold his more than father and beloved sister, ere his eyes were closed in the long sleep of death. Accordingly a messenger was despatched with the melancholy intelligence, urgently requesting Mr. Moreland to hasten with all speed, as it was feared that he would not again behold the poor boy to whom he had ever been a parent, and he to him a son.

A physician was called in, who, after examining his wounds, turned away. The movement was noted by Ralph, and he followed him, and breathlessly inquired—"Can he be saved?"

The physician made no reply.

"Say but that you can save him, and I will for ever bless you," said Ralph, his voice quivering with emotion.

"Young man," said the physician, mildly, yet solemnly, "it lies with *him* that created all things, to say how far human efforts may be exerted with success; if *he* so wills it, yon poor sufferer can receive no aid from human hands."

"Do not be afraid to tell *me*, Doctor," said Girden, who had heard the last words, and at once comprehended their import. "I *can't* live—I *know* it—tell me, is it not so?"

"I fear you must——" the physician hesitated.

"Die!" interrupted Girden, a calm, placid smile stealing over his face—"there—it is spoken—and *I am not afraid to die*. See, Ralph," said he, pointing to his mangled limbs, "did it lay in the power of man to stay my fleeting spirit, I would not wish to live, maimed and helpless as I am.

As the day wore on, his languor increased, and his breathings became thick and heavy; his eyeballs rolled incessantly, in vain endeavors to fix themselves on some object, but the same quiet smile still rested upon his lips, evidencing the purity of the soul within, struggling on the confines of another world. His inquiries were frequent as to whether his father and sister were not arrived, and he appeared to suffer greatly on being answered in the negative. About sunset Mr. Moreland made his appearance, accompanied by Emma, and without heeding those who had left the apartment to meet him, rushed into the room, and sunk down by the bed on which lay the dying youth. It was with a shriek that the Runner raised his hand to greet his benefactor, and as he felt the pressure returned, he closed his eyes and lay perfectly motionless, as if he would peaceably enjoy the solace that the meeting gave him. Mr. Moreland's arrival appeared to have infused new strength into him, and he requested that his head might be raised, so that he could once more look upon those few friends who had so loved him, before bidding them an eternal farewell. After a struggle, he spoke—

"Father—Ralph—sister, do not mourn, for this is a cup that we all must, sooner or later, drain to the dregs. Think of it as a duty—think of this world as the scene of trial, in which we are placed to work out the end pre-ordained by God for his own wise purposes. I should be unworthy of your parental sympathy did I fail to appreciate those wise and virtuous precepts which you have endeavored to instil into my mind—to bow in resignation to the chastening stroke of heaven, well knowing that not a sparrow falls to the ground unheeded by *his* all-seeing eye. Think of it, father—for by that dear name I have ever called you—'tis a debt due from man to his Maker, and what avails it that we should hope against hope? I have lived alone—I have no parents—save yourself—the wide world before me—and none in it—no, not *one*—to whom I could point, and say, *they are mine*. My eyes become dim, and the blood stagnates within my veins. Let my head be raised a little higher—and that window—I would fain look my last upon the green mountains. I have ever loved you, Ralph,—Emma,—farewell, sister, think of me—do not forget me,—kiss me—my hands are numb—and I would feel thy gentle breath.—Let me sleep beside my mother, whose love I—I——"

* * * * * *

At this moment the door opened, and Bob, who had left the room unperceived, entered, followed by an old man, almost bent double by age, on whose countenance passion had strongly impressed its mark. Bob drew him into the room by the hand, and with his finger motioned him towards the bed. All shrunk from him as from an adder. My astonishment was great when I perceived, as he approached the bed of death, his knees totter, forcing him to clutch it to sustain himself.

"My God!" he shrieked, falling on his knees as he heard the death-rattle, and saw by the convulsive movement of the dying boy's fingers, that life was ebbing fast,—"Girden—my son—forgive me! Mercy!" and he fell heavily upon the floor, unconscious of everything that was passing around.

The words of his GRANDFATHER fell on the youth's ear like the murmur of distant voices—he *knew him not*—but the lids of his eyes partly unclosed—a gasp followed, and the mangled and lifeless corse was all that remained of the RUNNER.

SEEBRIGHT.

THE COCKNEY CORONATION.

"Oh, such a day, so renowned, so victorious,
Sure such a day was never seen before."

OLD SONG.

[From the London Paul Pry.]

The Crowning of Queen Wictoria the First took place on Thursday last, to the edification and delight of the gaping Cocknies of London; and as a programme of the procession, and description of the banquet may not be uninteresting to our readers, we hasten to lay it before them. Preparations for this grand affair, it is well known, had been making in the metropolis for upwards of a year before the actual celebration of it; and it is therefore not surprising that in grandeur and magnificence the present Coronation should have exceeded all others.

Precisely at seven o'clock, her Majesty was taken out of the royal bed, and nicely washed and combed, and curled. At eight o'clock she was encased in a clean pinafore, and a pair of bran new red morocco shoes were placed upon her little feet; after which her breakfast, consisting of a beautiful bowl of bread and milk, was given to her, and as her Majesty was soaking a piece of state bread in the basin, Lord Melbourne was heard to say that her Majesty never looked more lovely. At ten minutes to ten o clock a squib was let off in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, to announce that the procession was ready to start; and before the clock over the stables at the back of the Palace had ceased to strike the hour of ten, the procession began to move in the following order:—

Four Charity Boys, with Penny Trumpets.
The Turncock of Pimlico.
Four cabs, (old patents,) containing the *ministers* of the various Dissenting Chapels in the Parish of St. James's.
Trucks of the most influential tradesmen of London, in the order in which they respectively rank.
Six cabs, (patent safeties,) containing John Spriggins, landlord of the Cow and Coffin Plate, Ball's Pond.
Charles Snooks, pot-boy to the landlord of the Cow and Coffin Plate, Ball's Pond.
Robert Brown, landlord of the Duke's Head, Clerkenwell Green.
William Harris, pot-boy to the landlord of the Duke's Head, Clerkenwell Green.
Peter Pools, Landlord of the Blue Anchor, Hammersmith Lane.
Samuel Snivel, pot-boy to the landlord of the Blue Anchor, Hammersmith Lane.
James Thompson, Landlord of the Blasted Furnace, Newington Butts.
George Greedy, pot-boy to the landlord of the Blasted Furnace, Newington Butts.
Horatio Collins, Landlord of the Admiral Benbow, Brompton Road.
Frederick Fuller, pot-boy to the landlord of the Admiral Benbow, Brompton Road.
Gregory Guzzle, Landlord of the England's Hope, Cow Cross, Smithfield.
Benjamin Bounce, pot-boy to the landlord of the England's Hope, Cow Cross, Smithfield.
One Beadle.
Two Policemen.
A Jew with Oranges.
Two Policemen.
A Jew with Sealing Wax.
Two Policemen.
A Jew with a Slate Pencil.
Two Policemen.
One Beadle.
Lord John Russell mounted on a jackass.
Air—"Johnny came a courting me."
Detachment of the Fire Brigade, under the direction of Mr. Wakley, M. P.
The Duchess of Kent and two old women on a stretcher belonging to the Charing Cross Hospital.
Two old women sucking Oranges.
Four Knights of the Shoulder-knot out of livery.
A Flying Pieman.
Sixteen Blue-coat boys, two abreast.
Two stout Coal-heavers, with short pipes.
Lord Melbourne, swinging on a slack-rope, in a caravan lent for the purpose by Messrs. Nelson, Lee & Johnson, of Richardson's Booth.
Three Penny Trumpeters.
The Editor of the Court Circular in his robes, half drunk.
The Editor of the Times in his robes, quite drunk.
The Hon. Mrs. Norton, in an emblematic dress, representing the Genius of Chastity, reposing on a rug.
Five scavengers. Five Street-sweepers.
Mrs. Honey, Miss Murray, and Madame Vestris.
Air—"Nancy Dawson."
A deputation of Ladies from Fleet-street.
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of the City of London, in a most horrid state of inebriation.
Fourteen wheelbarrows containing
THE PROVISIONS FOR THE "REGALE HER,"
and one truck, ditto, ditto.
Sir Charles Wetherell, in a new pair of pantaloons.
Braces to match.
A Ticket Porter.
A Jew with Sealing-wax.
Two Policemen.
The wig of the Lord Chancellor on a pole, carried by Lord Brougham.
Two Policemen.
The wig of the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench on a pole, carried by the Attorney General.
A Duffer with Mosaic Gold Watches.
Two Policemen.
King Daniel O'Connell.
Air—"A-begging we will go."
Sixteen Irish fags, four abreast.
A couple of bricklayers.
A very stout Irish laborer, carrying a hod.
Banner-bearer with a large flag, inscribed "Repeal of the Union."
Banner-bearer with a large flag, inscribed "Humbug."
Two Policemen.
Mandarin Joey.
The Head Waiter at Anderton's Dining Rooms.
The King of Hanover in a sedan-chair, (masked.)
Air—"Go to the devil and shake yourself."
Four Grooms in top-boots.
An Apple-woman.
The New Poor Law Commissioners, arm in arm.
Two thousand starving Paupers in chains. The sexes separated.
A gingerbread-nut seller.
An old woman in a red cloak.
The Treasurer of the Household, with threepence halfpenny in a bag.
A Privy Councillor with certain paper documents, very necessary.
Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, on a white charger.
Fourteen Sweeps. Four abreast.
Four Maids of Honor.
A Man with Lillipops.
Duke of Hamilton.
Three Ladies of the Bed-chamber, each carrying a very useful utensil.
The Marquis of Londonderry on a hobby-horse.
Air—"Derry Down."
Sixteen boys in Nankeen trowsers.
Jews with oranges.
Two Policemen.
The Duke of Wellington, in a triumphant car made out of a bandbox. The head of his Grace crowned with a cabbage.
Air—"See the conquering hero comes."
Six Butchers. Two abreast.
Jew with Sealing Wax.

Two Policemen.
Count D'Orsay, in a shocking bad hat.
The Lord High Chancellor of England, bald-headed, carrying an open umbrella, and dragging a woolsack.
Horace Twiss with a brief.
A detachment of the Fire Brigade.
Boys and Girls from the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum.
A Beef-eater from Wombwell's Menagerie.
Two Old Clothes-men from Holywell Street.
Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.
The laughing Hyena from the Surrey Zoological Gardens.
Two Policemen.
Jew Duffer with sham piece of Cambric.
The Archbishop of Canterbury in a patent cab.
The blackguards of London. Fifty abreast.
One Policeman.
The Street keeper of Bishopsgate.
The Marquis of Waterford and a dustman, arm in arm;
Air—"Together let us range the fields."
A Pawnbroker.
A detachment of the Fire Brigade.
Six penny Trumpeters.
One Mouth Organ.
Two Hand Organs.
Men with Marrow bones and Cleavers.
Jew's Harp.
Two blind Fiddlers.
The Cabinet Ministers, and Household of her Majesty, in cabs and hackney coaches.

THE STATE VAN,

A light genteel spring, one lent for the occasion by Huntley, of Oakly Street, Lambeth; drawn by eight well trained bullocks, attended by a Member of Parliament from Oxfordshire at each wheel, and two cads at each end, two respectable fishmongers on either side, attended by a couple of apprentices each; conveying her Majesty,

QUEEN WICTORIA THE FIRST!!

and two ladies (rather fuddled.) The Duchess of Sutherland (highly rouged;) the Colonel of the Ancient and Honorable Lumber Troop, embellished with whiskers; Sir Andrew Agnew; Mr. Thomas Duncombe; Bishop of London, and Mr. Laing, late of Hatton Garden.

Air—"Does your mother know you're out?"

Detachment of the Fire Rrigade, with tag-rag, and bob-tail.

In which state the procession moved majestically and magnificently along Piccadilly, down Saint James Street, through Pall Mall, round Cockspur Street, up Parliament Street, and into Palace Yard, where it was joined by the Nobility and Gentry in

A GRAND PROCESSION TO THE ABBEY.

Viz:—

A baked tater merchant, with insignia and paraphernalia of office, hot and smoking.

Old gentleman in a bedgown, nightcap carried by a page. — Old gentleman in a bedgown, nightcap carried by a page.

Treasurer of her Majesty's Household, bearing a crimson bag, containing a quantity of pawnbroker's duplicates.

The Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, bearing on a delph plate a radish and an onion for the offering.

A dray horse from Barclay and Perkins's, with a nose-bag; his tail carried by a page.

The Lord Archbishop of York in a roquilaire, with a polony in his hand.

The Purse bearer of England, with three half pence in copper, and a four-penny piece in silver.

PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

The Duchess of Cambridge in a gingham dress made low; pink sash, and green boots. Her train carried by a charwoman.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent in a white dimity dress of surprising dimensions, and wearing a circlet of pasteboard on her head. The curl papers of her Royal Highness borne by Sir John Conroy.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. in a robe of flannel, her train borne by Col. Higgins, and her best front carried by Barber Ross.

Air—"Three old women."

THE REGALE HER.

A muffin borne by the Duke of Roxburgh. — Two Shrimps borne by Lord Byron. — A Red Herring borne by the Marquis of Westminster.

A Pot of Porter, borne by the Duke of Cleveland.

A Ham Sandwich borne by the Duke of Devonshire. — A Beef Sandwich borne by the Duke of Sutherland.

Half an ounce of Barley Sugar, borne by the Earl of Mansfield; his breeches carried by Lord Stormont.

A half-penny worth of water-cresses, borne by Lord Lyndhurst.

A penny-worth of cheese and an onion, borne by the Duke of Dorset.

Lots of Heavy. — Lots of Heavy.

Lots of Heavy.

Her Majesty's Garter, wrapped up in whitey-brown paper.

Air.—"Oh, the roast beef of Old England!"

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in a pilot great-coat, carrying a warming pan. His highlows borne by the Marquis of Granby.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in a robe of green baise; his pipe, and a pound of shag, carried by Viscount Anson.

The Duke of Norfolk, with a barber's pole. — The Duke of Leinster, with a gallipot.

The Right Hon. Lord Melbourne.

His ragged shirt carried by a page.

A Birch-broom, borne by The Duke of Richmond. — A Sheep's-head, borne by The Lord High Steward.

A Pancake, borne by The Bishop of Bangor. — Guy's Spelling Book, borne by Bishop of Whinchester.

A Doll, carried by Duke of Somerset. — Cup and Ball, carried by Bishop of Lincoln. — Scratch Cradle, carried by Earl of Errol.

Pot de Chambre, carried by The Lord Bishop of London.

THE QUEEN,

In a Patent Mackintosh, furred with cat's skin, and bordered with acidulated drops wearing the copper medal she gained, for her good behaviour, at school.

On her head a four-and-ninepenny gossamer.

Her train borne by the nurses from various hospital wards.

Charity Boys with Mop Sticks.

Two Tailors. — Blind Fiddlers. — Two Tailors.

Spring Rice and Jim Crow.

Jackasses, two abreast. — Jackasses, two abreast.

Two Penny Trumpeters.

Governor and Company of the Bank of England with blank ledger.

Secretary of State for the Home Department, with soap and water blowing bubbles, followed by the Directors of the London Companies.

Air.—"Nothing at all."

On arriving at the west entrance of the Minster Abbey, her Majesty was received by the Parish Beadle of St. Margaret's, in a new gold-laced hat and collar, and the nobleman bearing the "Regale Her." Her Majesty having robed herself, she advanced to the knave, (not Lord John Russell,) and proceeded into the chair, when four-and-twenty charity-girls "all in a row," and four-and-twenty charity-boys, in like position, sung out with all their might, "boys and girls come out to play." The song and chorus ended, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury blew his reverend nose, and lugged three or four of the old Bishops forward, and asked them if they were severally willing to do homage to her Majesty. Queen Victoria the first. The old fellows replied, in an audible voice, "Yes," and signified their willingness to salute her cheek or any other part of her royal person. Upon this, her Majesty made an offering of an old flour sack and a lump of fresh butter, which the Archbishop of Canterbury said the other bishops would be pleased to accept. After this her Majesty was placed on a very high stool, and the Lord Bishop of London preached an elegant, extemporaneous sermon to her, in the course of which he impressed upon her royal mind the necessity of refusing to toss for a quartern, though her Gracious majesty might be challenged to do so. The eloquent head of the church also urged upon her Majesty the necessity of cutting her toe nails, lest they should grow too long, and thereby scratch her royal legs, to both of which royal admonitions, her Majesty swore "by jingo" she would attend. The sermon over, her Majesty made her solemn declaration never to drink table beer when she could get strong, and signed a paper to that effect, in the presence of the landlord of the Horns at Highgate. This over, her Majesty promised under the provision of the salt-box act, to govern according to the best of her ability, and promised, provided she has her own way in every thing, never to kick, abuse, or otherwise ill-treat, her dogs, spaniels, and ministers. This she swore, kneeling, "So help her box!" and in so impressive and pathetic a manner, that the Duchess of Kent swooned, and Lord John Russell was carried out of the Abbey in strong hysterics. With her mother and her home secretary, her Majesty, suffused in tears, was conducted to the Coronation chair, where the Archbishop of Canterbury rubbed away like a good un at her head, with lamp oil, and the bye-standers asked if any thing was the matter with her Majesty's upper story. No sooner was her Majesty's head made dry, than a pair of silver gilt spurs were clapped upon her royal heels, and the male and female nobility immediately next her sacred person, gave way, believing that her Majesty might take it into her head to ride about the Abbey cock-horse, in which case, if they remained, they would stand the chance of receiving more kicks than half-pence. The treasurer of her Majesty's horse next advanced with the crimson bag containing the duplicates, out of which her Majesty took one and redeemed the sword of justice. This done, her Majesty knelt at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Grace embracing her, hung round her august neck a string of sausages. The muffin was next placed in her hand, and blessed, the palm of her hand being crossed with a couple of shrimps; a red herring, was next held beneath her gracious nose, and lastly, she took a thundering swig at a pot of porter, in so elegant a manner as to excite the admiration of all present. Whilst her most gracious Majesty was taking her fill, the Archbishop of Canterbury sucked at the barley sugar; the Lord Bishop of London eat a beef sandwich; the Duchess of Kent bolted a water cress; the Duke of Wellington pocketed a radish; the Marquis of Westminster nibbled the cheese; and the squibs and crackers in the parks proclaimed to the populace without that the "raree show" was over. Her Majesty returned to the Palace in the same state, and on entering the Palace gave directions to the comptroller of her household to cut up a quartern loaf into slices, and distribute it amongst her loving subjects. At night, all London was illuminated; the Duchess of Kent hugged old Conroy through pure joy; and even her Majesty exclaimed in ecstacy, before stepping into her virgin bed—"Oh, criky, how nice it is to be a Queen."

Read this, ye ragged rogues, and thank your happy stars that ye have no such direful miseries to contend with.

A New Coat.—Grievous and "considerably unpleasant, if not more," to bear, is the burthen of a new coat. A hat is bad enough—but a new coat, with "a tight fit!" What an amount of care and personal solicitude it brings with it—to say nothing of that indescribable feeling which makes an unoccupied arm a decided superfluity—a mere hanger-on sensation, saintly shadowed forth, when the wearer's "measure" was taken, and he was told to hold up his head like a man, and drop his hands, which dangled so strangely far below the termination of sleeves that had always seemed long enough until then. See yonder victim, dodging fellow pedestrians, as if he feared contact would collapse him, like a soap-bubble. Hear him think aloud, in the language of "one who knows," as he treads his devious way:—"Oh, to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, scared by the dust-man; to shudder at the advent of a baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyance of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look with awe at the apparition of a giggling-servant girl, with a slop-pail reversed; to coast a gutter, with horrible anticipations of the consequences!" There is, however, one consolation, the evil will soon *wear off*, and the draper shall benevolently rejoice that it has been removed.

Knickerbocker.

Pressure of the Times.—The Newport, N. H. Argus tells a good story of a vagabond loafer, just out of states prison, who after stealing a horse and carriage made tracks for Boston. He was afterwards seen going into a house in Nashua, and measures were immediately taken to have the rascal apprehended—but on arriving at the house, no traces of the person sought for could be found, and the inmates stoutly denied intercourse with villains of any description. However, after a fruitless search of the premises in every part, with the exception of one room, where a couple of fair damsels were said to be enjoying "nature's sweet restorer,"—the officers very ungallantly and with unblushing impropriety, determined not to spare even the *sacred* dormitory of the fair ones. After allowing time for some very necessary and proper arrangements on the part of the gentle inmates, the searchers made a "grand entry," and having searched every nook and corner without discovering any symptoms of a masculine nature, it was unanimously resolved, that the bed could be no longer respected—it looked, to use the language of Mr. Sam Weller "wery suspicious"—a hillock rose in the centre of the bed, which seemed in the eyes of the officers, altogether too monstrous considering the weight which had just been removed from its surface. But there was no time for ceremony—and old bold individual with becoming gravity and decorum turned down covering, sheet, and feather bed, when—out popped the gentleman, as Byron says

—"half smothered from the bed!"

As may be supposed, this ludicrous *debut* occasioned a deal of mirth, and even the victim of "pressure" did not demur at the prospect of exchanging his *cosey* quarters to flourish a few years more as a *wall-flower* at the State's expense.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Will commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo Sanders names b. c. Accident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Duncannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association name f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos G Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton " " Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore " " Sparrowhawk.
Y. N Oliver " " Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders	10. R. Pindell
2. G. N. Sanders	11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
3. S. Burbridge	12. M. W Dickey
4. S. Burbridge	13. J. K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robt. Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. J. W. Fenwick
7. M. R. Tarlton	16. J. R. Grigsby
8. F. R. Robinson	17. Thos. G. Moore
9. Jas L. Brady	18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr. | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - - $1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - - 700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - - 500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J7]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

Will commence on the Third Monday, 17th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a-side, 100lbs on each., Three mile heats, between John P. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged. James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-d22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—TREE HILL, NEAR RICHMOND.

The following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Tree Hill Course, near Richmond, Fall Meeting, 1838.

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of mares that never produced a winner; sub. $150, ft. $100. Two mile heats.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.

The above stakes will close on or before the 20th Aug. 1838.

No. 4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839.

No. 5. Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to which will be added a Gold Cup, value $500, given by the owners of Chateau Margaux, Tranby, Whale, & Co., for the produce of mares covered by either of their horses in the Spring of 1835, to be run Spring of 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Randolph Harrison, jun., names produce of I. C. and Imp. Tranby.
2. Also, produce of Molly Andrews and Tranby.
3. William Gall names produce of Sally Drake and Tranby.
4. J. W. Dibrell names produce of Imp. Isabella and Tranby.
5. William A. Cocke names produce of Amy and Tranby.
6. C. T. Totts names produce of his gr. m. (by Eclipse) and Tranby.
7. Wm. Burton names produce of the dam of Veto and Tranby.
8. Bierton & Robinson name produce of Silvertail and Tranby.
9. Samuel S. Myers names produce of Lady Barksdale and Tranby.
10. James Barbour names produce of Imp. Anna Maria and Tranby.
11. Dabney Goldthwaite names produce of gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, produce of Martha Ann and Tranby.
14. Williamson & Poindexter name produce of a Florizel mare and Tranby.
15. J. L. Deanes names produce of an Alfred mare and Tranby.
16. W. H. Minge names produce of the dam of May Day and Tranby.
17. J. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
18. Joshua Goode names produce of a Sir Charles mare and Tranby.
19. Edmund Townes names produce of the dam of Medriff, and Whale.
20. Wm. Townes names produce of a Sir Harry mare and Whale.
21. Samuel S. Lowndes names the produce of a Potomac mare and Whale.
22. Ed. F. Wickham names produce of Julianna's dam and Tranby.
23. Thos. H. Lawson names produce of Phillis and Tranby.
24. William M. Chamberlayne names produce of Violet (by Herod) and Tranby.
25. J. M. Sheppard & R. C. Williamson name produce of Malcolm's dam and Tranby.
26. A. T. B. Merritt names produce of Clara Fisher and Chateau Margaux.
27. W. H. E. Merritt names produce of Caledonia and Chateau Margaux.
28. Also, produce of Sally Hope and Chateau Margaux.
29. W. S. Scott names produce of a Washington mare and Tranby.
30. Also, produce of a gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
31. E. O. Watkins names produce of a b. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
32. O. P. Hare names produce of a Sir Solomon mare and Chateau Margaux.
33. Daniel Dugger names produce of Polly Peacham and Imp. Fylde.
34. Also, produce of Jennie Deans and Fylde.
35. R. M. Rogator names produce of Lady Charles and Tranby.
36. W. F. Wickham names produce of a Virginian mare and Tranby.
37. Abner Crump names produce of Pomona and Chateau Margaux.
38. C. Thompson & Doswell name produce of Lady Rowland and Tranby.
39. Thos. Doswell & Burnley name produce of a Contention mare and Tranby.
40. Wm. J. Clare & Williamson name produce of a Herod mare and Tranby.
41. Lemuel Vaughan names produce of Lapanto's dam and Tranby.
42. Jefferson Minor names produce of a Red Rover mare and Tranby.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will write to the Proprietor before the time of closing. [The last stake, No. 5, is closed.]

[Jy14-4t] JOHN P. WHITE, *Proprietor.*

CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross.*

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs.

H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidento, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs. and closed

H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

Same Day—J. C Purse $——, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Two mile heats.
Fifth Day—J. C Purse $——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Three mile heats.
} Free for all ages.

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal.

[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary.*

FOR SALE,

The CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

Just received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

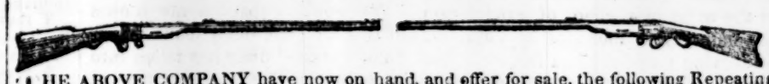
A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROADWAY NEW-YORK,

COLT'S PATENT.



The ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL, PARK ROW.

This Establishment, now under the superintendence of A. S. ALLEN, formerly of Boston, offers greater advantages to Travellers and Transient and Permanent Boarders, than any other Hotel in New York, not only as regards its superior accommodations, but also the great economy of its charges.

Situated in the most centrel part of the city, overlooking the Park, and in the very midst of every thing that is attractive as regards amusements, and every thing that is useful as regards business, the Knickerbocker cannot fail of being not only an eligible, but a desirable location for Travellers, and all others who wish to unite comfort with economy.

Attached to the Hotel are rooms for Military and Public uses, Private Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Bowling Allies, &c. [Jy14-4t]

THEATRICAL.

Plays, Operas, and Farces, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

CHEAP MUSIC.

Atwill's Music Saloon, 201 Broadway, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamuts, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" " " Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - - First Jockey Club Fall mseting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. - Jockey Club Fall meeting. 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
" " " Match, $1000 aside, 3 m. heats, *Dandy* vs *Klapper*, Monday, Sept. 17.
CROSS KEYS, Va. - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - - Western Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept
FORT SMITH, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
FREDERICK CITY, Md. - Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday. 4th Sept.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Courss, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
JEFFERSON Co., Miss. Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
LANCASTER, Pa. - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" " Match, $1000 aside, 2 m. h., Get of *Bertrand* vs. Get of *Medoc*, 2d Oct.
" " Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m heats, *Hawk-eye* vs. *Betsey Baker*, 2d Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
MACON, Mo. - - - - - Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
MONTREAL, L. C. - - - St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug.
MOUNT STERLING, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 28th Aug.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - - Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " " Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises*. 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
" " " " " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " " " " First Fall *Trotting* meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept. 26
NOTTOWAY, Va. - - - - Bellefonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
PALMYRA, Mo. - - - - Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - - Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept.
RIDGEVILLE, Md. - - - Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Aug.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
SOUTHAMPTON, Va. - - Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - - Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
WASHINGTON CITY. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
TUSCALOOSA, Ala. - - Mount Airy Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Dec.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE PRISONER.

Imprisonment is generally held to be no great boon—such, at least, is the opinion of the *détenus* in the Court of Queen's Bench, but there *are* circumstances which give it a totally different aspect, and make it rather a subject of rejoicing than sorrow. This, perhaps, does not apply to the Queen's Bench, but it is decidedly the case in the Queen's Palace, and the occurrence we are about to relate fully proves it.

The facts are briefly these:—

Amongst the various duties which devolve upon the Lady in Waiting to her Majesty, that of carefully guarding her Royal charge from all external intrusion by night is not the least important; and the last act which she performs when her Majesty retires to rest, is carefully to lock the outer door of the ante-room to the Royal bed-chamber, and retain the key under the custody of her own pillow till the morning.

On the night of Thursday, the 24th ult., this duty was punctually performed, but with some slight variations from the accustomed manner.

There had been a ball at the Palace, and it was late when its inmates sought their respective couches; Lady —— was, of course amongst the last. After the flutter and excitement of a Royal ball, with the harmonies of Strauss still whirling through the brain, the glitter of lamps still dancing before the eyes, and the sweet tones of *certain* voices yet vibrating on the ear, it may be pardoned, even to a Lady of the Bedchamber, if for a moment she forgets her office of Royal warden. Her Ladyship, in fact, only remembered her duty just as she was on the point of pressing her own soft pillow.

But while the vigilance of beauty was at fault, a more loyal feeling animated the bosom of John Perkins—(of Mr. John Perkins we ought rather to say)—a footman in the Royal household. He, with unwearied zeal and active duster, heedless of late hours, and unfatigued with waltzing, was calming a footman's conscience by putting everything "to rights" for the coming morn,

"In gold-spangled stocking and touch-me-not pumps."

John Perkins was in the act of dusting a mosaic table, when the rustling of garments fell upon his ear, and gazing through the half-opened door, he caught a glimpse of the fair vision of some lovely Atalanta, "flying with winged step" towards the dimly-lit apartment, as if for the purpose of entering her Majesty's chamber.

John Perkins was the soul of honor and propriety, and modest to a degree not common amongst footmen. The lady was making rapidly towards him, her zone unbound, her tresses floating in the breeze, and her night-gear scantily concealing the graces of her form. One thought alone possessed her breast—the stern necessity which called her from her couch; one thought alone pervaded the mind of the ingenuous, the respectable Perkins—that of sparing the blushes of the Lady of the Bedchamber.

Quick as light or sound, a cannon-ball, or a true footman, John Perkins dived beneath the table whereon he had lately been engaged. "Here," murmured Perkins, "here will I ensconce myself till my Lady has passed by, and then—to bed."

There was presence of mind as well as propriety in this resolution, but scarcely enough of the former—had Perkins remembered the cause of the lady's sudden approach; and perhaps not too much of the latter, had he considered the probable consequences of this act. The paramount feeling, at any rate, was the immediate necessity for sparing the wanderer's feelings, and down he went, as we have already said, beneath the table. He succeeded in his object; one part of it, at least, was accomplished—the lady saw him not; neither did he see any more of the lady, who rushed to the door, drew it towards her with breathless haste, and ere John Perkins had recovered from his astonishment, the key was turned outside, the fair warden had vanished, and he, a second edition of "Loyalty Confined," remained incarcerated in the Royal ante-chamber.

Who would not envy the position of that footman, prisoner though he was, with no softer couch than the cedar floor, no easier pillow than the leg of a table! He felt proud of the chance which constituted him the guardian of her Majesty's slumbers; he felt, too, that his own personal importance was enhanced, and communed, doubtless, with himself, like the loyal cavalier described in the old song, with whom he instituted a comparison—

"I'm in this cabinet locked up,
Like some high-priced Margarite."

In short, Alnaschar's visions were less wild, less extravagant, than those of the enraptured, yet imprisoned Perkins, and thus, alternating between hope and fear, he passed the night in a chaos of expectation. We could expatiate much on a subject so fraught with food for speculation, but this we generously leave to our readers, observing merely that a fragment from John Perkins' diary has fallen into our hands, which we purpose one day to make public. The morning came at length, and with it the footman's release, with the cause of his detention explained to the satisfaction of the lady's-maid of Lady ——, who performs the ceremony of unlocking the door by deputy. Yet, though every promise was made to keep the story a secret, this fared no better than other secrets, and served as "laughter for a week, and a good jest for ever," to her Majesty and the Court, at the breakfast table the next morning.

John Perkins fully expects to be included in the Coronation batch of Peers.

London Court Journal, 9th June.

LONDON TABLE TALK.

MRS. NORTON AND HER HUSBAND.—In the Court of Exchequer, on Thursday, an action was brought by Mr. Emmet and another liveryman in Bond-street, against Mr. Norton, the magistrate, to recover £142 for carriages and horses furnished to his wife in the course of ten months. The cause of separation between these parties was only incidentally alluded to; but it was urged that the income of Mr. Norton, from his debts and other deductions, did not exceed £1000 a year, and would not justify the extravagance of his wife. He had paid £73 into Court, and the Jury thinking, under the circumstances, this was sufficient, a verdict was found for the defendant.

The Duke of Wellington, though an Irishman, has none of the hurry and enthusiasm for which his countrymen are remarkable. We observe, however, that the Examiner quotes a passage in a late speech of the Duke's, which may be numbered among the very few things marking his origin: it escaped attention at the time, but it is too good to pass unnoticed. His Grace, in the debate of the 27th of November, stated that two Irish clergymen had been murdered; Lord Mulgrave exclaimed "No, no, not one;" upon which the Duke rejoined, "If I am mistaken, *I am sorry for it*"—sorry he was not right in stating they were murdered! As the old song says—

"The flattering error cease to prove—
Oh let me be deceived!"

The answer of the Duke, however, was only a *bull*; he was sorry he had made a wrong statement—not that the clergymen were alive. A better story, of the same kind, is told of old Baron Graham, a judge remarkable for his politeness. In sentencing a party of criminals for highway robbery, or some other capital offence, he forgot one of the number. After the men had left the dock, the Judge was reminded of the omission. He instantly called back the poor man.—"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "I quite forgot you; you are to be executed at the same time as the others!"

Inverness Courier.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.—What good, we have been asked, does the Honorable G. C. Norton imagine will result from the continued insertion in the public papers of his precautionary advertisement concerning his lady. Does it affirm the imputed infidelity of the wife, or is it done in justification of his own conduct towards her? In whatever light we look upon it, the gentleman does himself, we conceive, more harm than good; for under any circumstances we should think there are those in the back ground who would never risk a trial, should an action be brought against Mr. Norton for any debt contracted by his wife; for in the defence to such an action might be pleaded the separation, and the *cause* of such separation might be gone into, and even Lord Melbourne might be put into the box to prove the guilt of the wife; in fact, a new trial might in effect be had on the merits of the action tried against the Premier for criminal conversation, and with a better chance, under all the circumstances, of making out a case against the alleged seducer. This being certain, it savors of a mixture of folly and persecution to keep the advertisement signed by Mr. Norton continually before the public eye.

London Satirist.

We are gravely informed by one of the daily papers that "Lord Fitzroy Lennox has joined the 43d depot as ensign, which *accession to the strength* of the garrison," continues the paragraph, "is preparatory to give due effect to the guards of honor on the landing of the distinguished personages shortly expected to arrive." That the appointment of a suckling lord as ensign to a regiment should add strength to a garrison is highly amusing.

A joke is told against Londonderry that, when at Vienna, he found himself one morning seated at the breakfast-table in a pair of inexpressibles that gave him much inconvenience from their extreme tightness. This being observed by the Marchioness, she exclaimed, "So, I perceive you have been at your old tricks again—those things you have on, I am sure, were never made for you." "They are certainly a close fit," rejoined Londonderry; "and, now I look again, they are of a different color to those I wore last night." "The thing is palpable enough," said her ladyship. "Much too palpable," said his lordship. "This is not the first deception you have practised upon me," continued the lady. "Nor the first that I have been the victim of," said Londonderry. On examination, "the things" bore, in one of the pockets, the name of a *Bloom*-ing attache, with whose *chere amie* the then ambassador was *persuaded* he had been intriguing, when the fact was that "the things" had, in the hurry of escape, been left where Londonderry found them—in his own room!

Satirist.

"I have serious thoughts of trying my hand at a farce—how do you think I should succeed?" asked Talfourd of "the great tragedian." "Why, judging by the two tragedies which you have written," rejoined Macready, "there cannot be a doubt of your success in comedy." The irony contained in this reply is said to have laid the foundation of the misunderstanding which has taken place between those two "great" men.

The familiar name by which the Princess of Capua used to be known among her Irish pals was *Pen*, or *Penny*. The sagacity with which this illustrious branch of the very extensive house of Smith has played her cards, has gained for her the name of *Penny Wise*, while her husband goes by the equally appropriate title of *Pound Foolish*.

The papers very *gravely* inform us that the *deaths* of Ladies Harrowby and Amherst have occasioned several contemplated parties in high *life* to be postponed sine *die*.

"Why do you tolerate the mongrel?" doggedly asked Melbourne of fair Caroline, speaking of Castlereagh. "Because," quoth the lady, "I am amused with the antics of the puppy."

The Four-in-hand Club has commenced its dinners for the season. From the members being all very thin, it has been suggested that a more appropriate name for them would be the *Whipper-snappers*.

In a recent thunder-storm, it appears that the electric fluid struck a house in Lambeth, and that an omnibus, with sixteen passengers inside, and five out, was actually passing at the time within a few feet of the spot. One of the penny-a-liners sagaciously expresses his astonishment that the fluid did not strike the omnibus. We suppose that it did not occur to him that each vehicle is provided with a *conductor*.

When folks have lost cash, and would fain mirth display,
Than theirs there can scarce be a *worse* laugh;
Thus the purse-lighten'd backers of *Momus*, the *Grey*,
Try to raise, but break down, in a *horse*-laugh!

When the Lord Mayor was applied to for his permission to allow the blowing up of the brig *William*, he very properly made very particular inquiries as to the mode that would be adopted for conducting the operation. He was informed that barrels of gunpowder would be sunk near the spot, and that then a train would be attached to the barrels by means of hose filled with gunpowder. "*Hose*," cried Cowan, "I fear you will find no stockings either long enough or strong enough to perform such an operation."

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, coosisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
The four named above are now in training on Long Island.
African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.
The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Remp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.
Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are offered to come off over the above course the first part of October next.

1. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
2. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
3. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats in harness. Three or more to make a race.
4. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
5. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.
6. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200, h. ft., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

All the above stakes will close on Monday, the 10th of Sept.

Entries to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 10th Sept. next, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

Centreville, L. I., Aug. 3, 1838.—[A4] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. FALL RACES.

THE RACES will commence over the *Henry Course*, on the last Tuesday, 30th Oct., and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close by the 1st of October next. Now one subscriber, and several more are daily expected.
Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200, h. ft Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Oct. next.
Same day—Post Stake for all ages (weight for age); sub. $200, P.P. Two mile heats. Now two subs.
Fifth day—Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $200. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.
Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.
2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs
3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are now open to come off over the *Mulberry Course*, Fredericksburg, Va., during the ensuing Fall meeting:—

1 Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $200, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.
2 Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race; sub $150, ft. $100. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

The above Stakes will be well filled. Gentlemen wishing to make entries, will direct to Mr. Turner H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va. [A4] THE PROPRIETOR.

LANCASTER JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THESE Races will commence on the 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept., and continue four days;—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

First day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse - - $100
Second day—Two mile heats, - - - - - 200
Third day—Three mile heats - - - - - - 400
Fourth day—Four mile heats - - - - - 600

By order of the Jockey Club. [Jy28-7t]

CENTRAL COURSE, PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

THE FALL RACES over the Missouri Central Course will commence on the 25th September next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, untried; sub. $100 each, ft. $25. To close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Third day—Purse $250, ent $25, Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $400, ent. $40, Three mile heats.

In all cases three or more horses to make a race, and the entrance not added to the Purse. By order of the Club. THOMAS W. LANE, *President.*
[Jy28] S. BUCKNER, *Sec'y pro. tem.*

STALLIONS FOR SALE.

IN CONSEQUENCE of having so large a number of Stallions upon his Stock Farm, as to render it inconvenient to give them proper attention, the subscriber will dispose of four at less than their actual value, viz.:—

JOSHUA, by Gohanna, dam by Eclipse Herod, grandam by Imp. Bedford. He is 7 yrs. old, 15½ hands high—a blood bay without white.

GOLDBOY, by Industry, dam by Ogle's Oscar, (Margaret Armistead's dam). He is 7 yrs. old, 16 hands high.

BROKER, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph, grandam by Hickory, g. g. dam Old Maid of the Oaks. Dark bay, nearly 16 hands.

DANIEL STAR, by Star, dam by Peacemaker. Five yrs. old. Bay, nearly 16 hands.

The four are young, and all fine dark bays without white, except Goldboy, who is marked very like his sire; they are put up strong, and are second to none in action and appearance. I will sell either or all of them on time. They are all in training for the ensuing Fall Races. Their pedigrees are generally well known, but will be given in full if desired. Letters will have prompt attention, if addressed to

[Jy28-2m] T. R. S. BOYCE, Ellicott's Mills, Md.

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, Fall meeting of 1838. The time of holding the meeting will be fixed so as not to conflict with the Petersburg, Richmond, or Broad Rock meetings.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

The above stakes will close on the 1st Sept. next. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor, at Portsmouth, Va. [Jy21] E. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300
} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.
[apl21] F. K. W.

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

SWEEPSTAKES.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now 3 subs.
Capt. John Heth.
Mr. Gettings names b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
E. J. Wilson.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now one sub.
E. J. Wilson.
3. Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies owned or bred in Maryland or District of Columbia; sub. $75, ft. $25. One mile. To name and close 1st Sept. next. Four or more to make a race.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va Any subscriber naming to the above stakes has a right to change his entry on the day of closing each stake.

☞ Of the PURSES, &c., due notice will be given.

[Jy21] E. J. WILSON, Proprietor, Portsmouth, Va.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE First Meeting of the Cincinnati Jockey Club will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $250 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.
Same day—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, a Splendid Silver Pitcher, value $100, ent. free, for any thing bred in Ohio.
Second day—Proprietor's Plate, value $500. Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $750, ent. $75; if three or more start the 2d best to be entitled to $150; if not three, the winner to get $600. Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, the 2d best, if 3 or more start, to be entitled to $200; if not 3, the winner to get $1000. Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Cincinnati, July 7, 1838.—[Jy21-4t] GEO. M. LONG, GEO. N. SANDERS, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well.

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J3J-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.
3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.
4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide. A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-tf.]

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.
Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor.*

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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